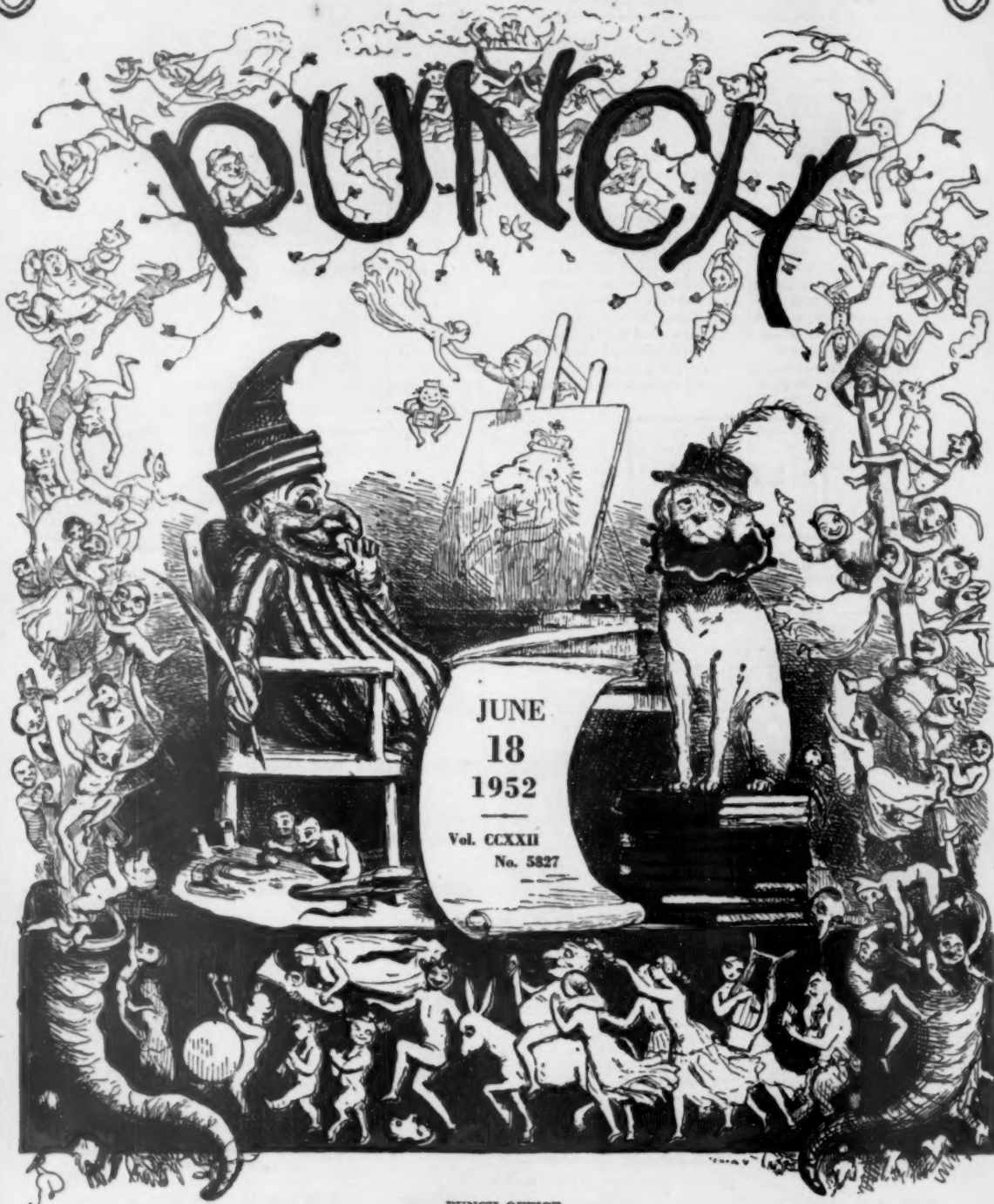


6^d

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIEAT—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18 1952

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

These facts are published to show what British workers can achieve in spite of difficulties, given opportunity and backed by enterprise.

It can be done

At one of the biscuit factories of Messrs. Carr and Company Limited of Carlisle, a building was demolished and a new two-storey bakehouse erected in its place in 10½ days.

Starting on a Friday evening in August 1951, two teams of 35 men worked twelve-hour shifts—the night shift under floodlights. Construction was carried out over machinery which could not be moved and all materials had to be hoisted across existing buildings. The programme—worked out in advance to the last detail

—was fulfilled in spite of bad weather.

At 7.30 a.m. on the following Monday week the new bakehouse—a steel framed building with pre-cast concrete floor and roof and brick walls—was completed and in production. It was the spirit of those men who worked all hours and in all weathers that saw the job through

LAING

JOHN LAING AND SON LIMITED, Building and Civil Engineering Contractors
London, Carlisle, Johannesburg, Lusaka. Established in 1848



**"I said
Nine Elms—
PAINT!"**

NINE ELMS GENUINE
WHITE LEAD PAINT &
COLOURS

NINE ELMS WATER PAINT
CEILINGITE

FARMILOE'S HARD GLOSS

NINE ELMS VARNISHES

If you say "paint"—paint it is! If you say "NINE ELMS PAINT" you get the finest Pure Paint Products in the world, made in a century-old tradition of lasting beauty and durability. NINE ELMS is always specified by those who know that the only true economy is Quality.

J. & W. Farmiloe's
NINE ELMS
pure paint products

A TRADE MARK AS GOOD AS A BOND
T. & W. Farmiloe Ltd, Rotherhithe Row, London, E.W.1



At conducting an orchestra Charles was renowned.

It was splendid the way he controlled 'em,
But he kept them all waiting the day that he found

He'd forgotten to order an OLDHAM.

*The Battery with
POWER TO
SPARE*



OLDHAM & SON LTD - DENTON - MANCHESTER - EST. 1865

MORE MILES PER GALLON ➡

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WITH AIRCRAFT INSULATOR ➡

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QUICK, CERTAIN STARTING ➡

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A BRITISH PRODUCT ➡

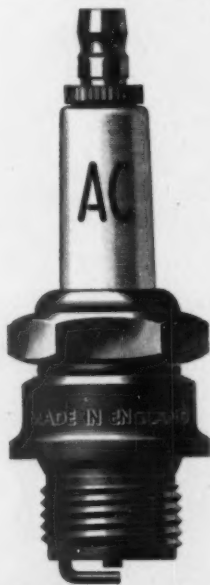
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MADE BY GENERAL MOTORS ➡

AC-SPARK SPARK PLUG CO. DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS LTD. DUNSTABLE, ENGLAND
and Southampton, Hants.

AC

SPARK PLUGS





The legs rush him up from the base-line. The shoulders stoop into the stroke. The right forearm tenses. The left arm balances the body. The racket is held square for the classical low backhand volley. The eyes can all but read the maker's name on the ball. ***It all adds up to Game, Set and Match to Frank Parker.***

GREAT INTEGRATION

The member companies of AEI work by themselves, and as a group.

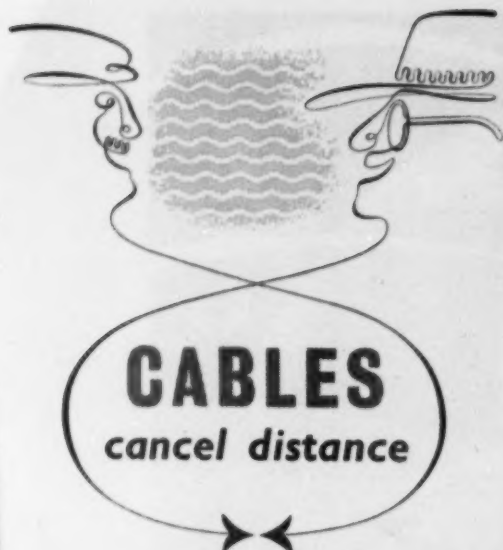
That is the policy. As a group, Associated Electrical Industries spend a million pounds each year on research and run the only industrial School of Physics in the country. Integration of the different companies means real rationalisation of production, the pooling of knowledge, of experience, of resources. It means co-ordinated effort for the public good.

These are the companies of AEI
Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co Ltd
The British Thomson-Houston Co Ltd
The Edison Swan Electric Co Ltd
Ferguson Pallen Ltd
The Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co Ltd
International Refrigerator Co Ltd
Newton Victor Ltd
Premier Electric Heaters Ltd
Sunvic Controls Ltd

It all adds up to

AEI

Associated Electrical Industries

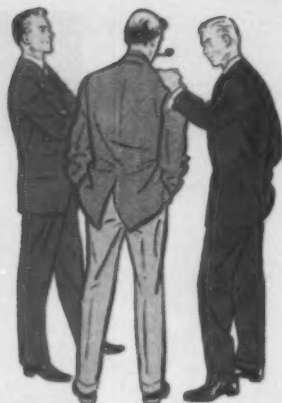


say it 'via Imperial'



Post Office Cable & Wireless Services

57



Security measure

'Lightning' zips are the modern fastening—much quicker, more convenient and reliable. Women realised this years ago, of course, but men were more conservative. At first they zipped tentatively up and down their golf bags—then they gained confidence and used them on all sorts of sports kit—

now they are finding that 'Lightning' is the very best thing for trousers. More and more men are changing over to

LIGHTNING
the reliable zip

LIGHTNING FASTENERS LIMITED, BIRMINGHAM

(A subsidiary company of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.)



By Appointment
to the late King George VI
Manufacturers of
Land-Rovers
The Rover Co. Ltd.

*I*N THESE DAYS when so many things have to be completed with inadequate materials—or in a hurry—it is extremely satisfying to study the Rover car. Here is tangible evidence of an attention to detail and preoccupation with finish that one might have expected to find in a more leisurely age than ours. Precision in design, craftsmanship in construction and smoothness in performance are the qualities to which the Rover car owes its good reputation.

The
ROVER
Seventy Five

MADE BY THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED, SOLIHULL, BIRMINGHAM ALSO DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, LONDON

CVS-170



PU-LAI-TUN IS A FAMOUS PLACE -----

"IT IS IN EUROPE on the coast of the land of Ying". So says Li Shu-Ch'ang, a 19th century visitor from China. "Pu-lai-tun", or Brighton, as we know it, was a famous spa in those days. Following the royal example first set by George IV, members of "the nobility and fashion" in search of health and refreshment would congregate in Dr. Struve's Pump Room to take his artificial spa waters. On the same premises, the doctor's successors bottle fine mineral and table waters to this day, and in the words of an 1827 gossip-columnist, "from their renovating qualities they continue in great request".

HOOPER STRUVE & CO LTD

LONDON • BRIGHTON • ALDERSHOT AND EXETER



BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI.
MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURERS

How many women know

... that Hovis contains the heart of
the wheat? This is the vital reason why
Hovis keeps your strength up
— the natural way.



Hovis gives you
THE HEART OF THE WHEAT

A bird in hand!



If you get home too late to
cook a meal... if guests
arrive unexpectedly... if
you've someone convales-
cent in the house... or if
you just feel you want to be
good to yourself—open a
jar of these plump Chicken
Breasts... they're delici-
ous and very, very good for
you. But you'll have to
hide the jar to keep it!

* Other Shippam delicacies are: Chicken
Jelly, Calves' Foot Jelly & Beef Tea...
good for you in sickness or in health.

Shippam's
SPECIALITIES
Acknowledged the Best

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the real Maconochie



S.15



HARPER No. 3153 HOUSEHOLD SCALES

Ideal for the modern kitchen, Harper 3153 Household Scales are extremely accurate and light to use. Because all moving parts are fully enclosed, they are absolutely hygienic in use. Made from steel, to give a lifetime's service, finished in ivory paint with a green rim.

Now in short supply—but deliveries will be made in strict rotation.

**HARPER
HOUSEWARES**

JOHN HARPER & COMPANY LIMITED
WILLENHALL • STAFFS

Obtainable from good ironmongers and hardware dealers
U.300



The Merchants
By Appointment to
the late King George VI
and the late Queen Victoria.

*Turn to a
NEW leaf...*

Here are two very different blends of tea—each of high grade and each the result of more than a century's experience in buying and blending. Teas as good as these are a true economy because they yield their full pleasure, aroma and flavour when brewed at normal strength.

For delicate yet pronounced flavour, ask for Ridgways "H.M.B." (Her Majesty's Blend) at 1/3d. the quarter. Noble in flavour and fragrance it goes further than 'cheaper' blends.

Or for a quick-brewing tea of a bolder colour and flavour, try Ridgways "Delicious" Small Leaf at 1/2d. the quarter. Make the experiment, and decide which blend you prefer.



RIDGWAYS LTD. OF THE CITY OF LONDON, 290-314 OLD STREET

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FULL OF NEW HEALTH AND ENERGY

'SUPAVITE' is now in greater potency to counter the increasing strain of modern life.

Two 'Supavite' capsules will supply you with your full daily needs of Vitamins A, B₁, B₂, C, D, E and Nicotinamide... in addition 'Supavite' provides Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus. The combination of minerals with the vitamins in 'Supavite' is important as they act together to give the fullest nutritional benefits.

Compare
these high
potencies
and
insist on

FORMULA

Each **AMBER** Capsule contains:
Vitamin A .. 5,000 I.U.
Vitamin D .. 1,000 I.U.
Vitamin E .. 1 mg. plus
one million natural germ oil.

Each **BLACK** Capsule contains:
Vitamin B₁ .. 1 mg.
Vitamin B₂ (Riboflavin) .. 1 mg.
Vitamin C .. 50 mg.
Nicotinamide .. 10 mg.
Iron (Ferrous) .. 27 mg.
Calcium .. 30 mg.
Phosphorus .. 20 mg.

'Supavite' Capsules are guaranteed to contain vitamins precisely as listed above in formula.

Angiers
SUPAVITE

B.301A

Of all Chemists 5/- for 15 days' supply.

Also in Family Pack, 16/3 for 60 days' supply (4 times 5/- size).

The Angier Chemical Company Limited, 95, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.4

Buoyant



Gieves' Floater Reefer — invaluable in cold weather and calamities. Made of proofed gabardine, it's kapok-lined — warm and buoyant

If you prefer, we can supply this Reefer without the kapok lining as an 'all-weather'



By appointment
Naval Outfitters
to the late
King George VI
ESTABLISHED 1785

Gieves

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Picture him in Mentor

..... Take comfort in the thought of such launderable shirts, Sanforized to keep their perfect fit see him in the styles he likes and see how long they wear

FOR FATHERS from 17/6d — **FOR SONS** from 12/6d (average size)
FOR MENTOR SHIRTS ARE GOOD AT ANY PRICE
W. M. MILLER & CO. LTD. ESTABLISHED 1877



National Trait

Understatement is a natural British characteristic. Driscott clothes, with their quietly distinguished tailoring, get their effect in the same way, for by their very modesty they emphasise their good looks and sartorial aristocracy.

You will find Driscott clothes in good quality stores all over the country, including the West End of London.



An announcement by
DRIScott CLOTHES LTD of DUDLEY
in the county of Worcester

That awkward grass—and weeds too!



—Anywhere one has to cut with shears or sickle, the Electric Grassmaster will cut in a fraction of the time without toil and without stooping. Models for home supply, car batteries or portable generators. From £12.0.0. Please write for Folder 1.

TARPEN
Grassmaster

TARPEN ENGINEERING CO. LTD.
Izworth House, Izworth Place,
London, E.W.3.
KENington 3491 (7 lines)



Tenova
socks
stay up

THE COMFORT'S
IN THE CUT-OUT

The elastic band
at the top
keeps them up
—the cut-out
keeps them
comfortable.
from 7/6
Nylon
reinforced



From Austin Reed and
all good shops for men



THE OXFORD ATLAS

will soon be available again.

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and order

the new Revised Reprint

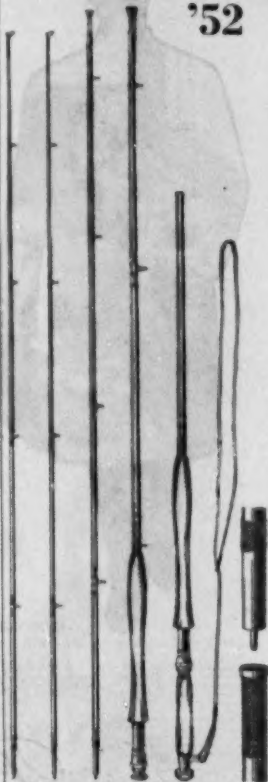
of this great Reference Book

the price is 42s. net

OXFORD

UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE FLYROVER '52



We have again improved the Flyrover series, by the addition of knurled ferrules for better gripping when taking your rod down, a new bag sealed with a zip fastener and press studs, and a new method of fitting the extension butt which turns the rod into a double-handed one and provides that extra vital leverage when playing a fish.

We strongly recommend the Flyrover for use on small Salmon rivers, and for gressed line work. They will do all that is asked of them in casting and playing a fish—and do it with so much less fatigue to the user.

THE FLYROVER SERIES
9, 9½, 10, 10½ ft. Three Piece.

PRICE £13. plus 50/10 P. TAX.

Extension Grip.
30/- plus 6/8 P. Tax.

A Catalogue giving fuller details can be obtained from any Milward Agent or from Milwards Fishing Tackle Ltd., 7/8 Bury Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (Wholesale 9886/7).

Milwards
FISHING TACKLE
... a name to angle with !
REDDITCH ENGLAND

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He has a wide personal experience of every branch of business,
a specialist's knowledge of all office methods and technique.

He can implement his suggestions from the world's most
comprehensive range of business machines, systems and equipment.

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EQUIPMENT... the easier way to Office Efficiency

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Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.





... is it haunted?

Heard about poltergeists, asks this chap? Sort of ghosts that chuck things about and make a nonsense of everything. I've got one lives in my car. Only possible explanation. Always something going wrong. Costs me a pretty penny in repairs. It's haunted, I tell you.

it goes like a dream

This chap believes in magic, too. The everyday magic of science. He never seems to have anything really wrong with his car. Why? Because his engine is *clean inside*.

He knew that cars pick up dirt that gets into places where it does a lot of damage; in the oil, the petrol and the water. He knew that dirty oil is abrasive and ruins moving parts, that impure petrol clogs up carburettor jets, that a dirty cooling system is an inefficient one which means heavy repair bills.

So he had his car fitted with FRAM FILTERS: the FRAM OIL CLEANER, the FRAM PETROL FILTER and the FRAM COOLING SYSTEM FILTER — all of them saving repair bills and getting the best out of his engine. (Whatever oil you use, FRAM is essential for getting rid of grit, dust and dirt. It does not destroy any of your oil's beneficial additives).

Thousands of garages stock FRAM. If you have difficulty write direct to us. Prices with fitting kit: Petrol Filter 25/-; Cooling System Filter 63/-; Oil Cleaner 66/6 to 79/-. Your garage can fit all three in a few hours.



FRAM filters

add years to the life of your engine

FRAM IS A PRODUCT OF THE SIMMONDS GROUP
Distributed by STENOR LIMITED, KEW FOOT ROAD, RICHMOND, SURREY.
CNC 4497



STRENGTH AND INTEGRITY

Friendly contact with each customer is synonymous with the banking house of Glyn, Mills & Co. No matter whether it is a private customer or a large concern, this bank still preserves the personal touch. It also provides a completely modern banking service, one that has earned a reputation for strength and integrity throughout the world.

GLYN, MILLS & CO.

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Associated Banks:

Royal Bank of Scotland, Williams Deacon's Bank Ltd.

Glavya

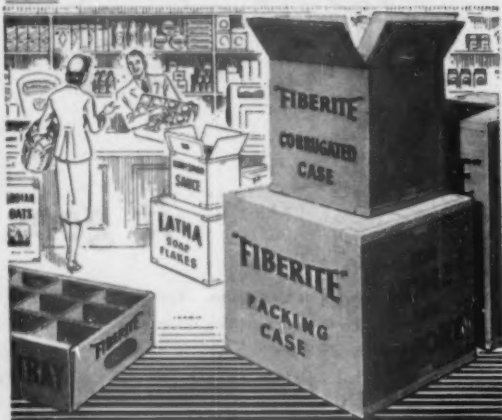
SCOTCH LIQUEUR

John, What does Glavya mean?
It means "very good", Veronica.
It's a very good name for it too, John.



RONALD MORRISON & CO. LTD. EDINBURGH

What's in a name?



If you think that all fibreboard packing cases look alike, then in your own interests look again! "Fibreboard" is too general. It can mean anything. But "FIBERITE" is precise. It stands for quality—fine appearance, careful construction, top performance. Be certain, and order "FIBERITE" cases, the most widely used packing for home and export trade.

Regd.

Trade **"FIBERITE"** Mark
PACKING CASES

THAMES BOARD MILLS LTD.
PURFLEET · ESSEX

Manufacturers of
"THAMES BOARD" for cartons and other uses;
"FIBERITE" Packing Cases; "ESSEX" Wallboard



Land,
sea
or
air?

Some are waterborne; others stay on terra firma; some fly—several in fact have been known to travel faster than sound . . . For this strange little menagerie is a handful of the thousands of precision parts Terry's produce by millions each year.

Many have played their part in the development of modern transport, from the homely pushbike to the mighty Brabazon—and are likely to do so in the future. Terry's research goes on and is always at your service.



TERRY'S

FOR SPRINGS

AND PRESSWORK

HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD. REDDITCH, ENGLAND. Q 50



**ARE YOU A
SINGLE-HANDED
EXECUTIVE?**

WRITE
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etc. etc.

**WHY
WORK
WITH
ONLY
ONE
HAND?**



USE BOTH HANDS WITH THE

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500 YEARS MARK

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some metaphors, thoroughly mixed . . .

With a flourish of trumpets the Imperial "Good Companion" has emerged from the chrysalis and taken on a new lease of life.

It will be instantly seen by those with their ears to the ground that the Imperial people have surpassed themselves by taking a firm stand and leaving the others far behind. They must have been working like beavers with their noses to the grindstone to have produced such a beautifully efficient portable, for the "Good Companion" is all that a portable should be even if this telling-about-it is all that it shouldn't be. Which only goes to show what an overdose of enthusiasm will do.

Prices from £22. 10. 0



• Imperial

IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY LTD · LEICESTER
CR3

Smoke Wavy Navy



**Pure Navy Cut
of Pre-War quality**

2 OZ. AIR-TIGHT TIN 9/-
1 OZ. FOILED PACKET 4/6
Also ready rubbed



(Wavy Navy Cigarettes are for export only)

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD MANUFACTURERS AND GUARANTORS

Unruffled... Silvifix Hair Cream will keep your hair under perfect control—even in life's most strenuous moments. And without gumming or greasiness! Highly concentrated, a jar of Silvifix lasts 3 to 4 times as long as other dressings. Silvifix is made for those who prefer something just a little better than the ordinary.
4/6 a jar, including tax.



**Probably the
finest typewriter
you will see for
the next few years**

Once in a while the people who make typewriters claim that they have built a standard machine of portable size and weight. Now we're making that same claim for the new Olympia! This time, however, the necessary condensation has been achieved by designing skill and not by elimination. The list on the right shows that the Olympia has nearly all a standard machine's features plus a number of ingenious typing devices. Their incorporation in so light and compact a machine is one of the design achievements of recent years. In performance, too, the Olympia is virtually years ahead of other typewriters.

Is it well made? Well, let's take the type-bars. These are honed at the bearings and thrice-checked to within 1/250th inch. The working surfaces of the escapement are precision-finished and diamond-polished. *What about materials?* They are excellent. For instance, the entire frame and levers are of chrome-steel. There are no cheap alloys in the Olympia and it hasn't got that 'tinny' feel about it. Nothing we say, however, will convince you so much



Standard keyboard (plus * 1 - and +)
• Finger-tip form keys with inlaid characters • Type curved to fit curve of paper • Spacing intervals of 1, 1½ and 2 lines • Accelerated key return for faster typing • Touch adjuster • 'Cushioned' shift keys • Telescopic paper holder • Instant-and-even-grip paper feed • 8 good carbons on ordinary paper • 12 good carbons on air mail paper • Weight: 14 lbs. (without Case) • Breadth: 13½"; Depth 12½"; Height 6" • Available in Black, Burgundy or Olive Green.

as an actual examination of this uncommonly quiet and sweet-running machine. If you are thinking of buying a typewriter now, or in the next few years, make certain the Olympia is shown to you.



Olympia

THE PRECISION-BUILT TYPEWRITER

LONDON SHOWROOMS: 200 FINCHLEY ROAD, N.W.3. HAM 8575

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*Known and enjoyed
by Connoisseurs
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Rare old Liqueur Brandy*
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50 years old
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Sole Agents for Great Britain: B. B. MASON & CO. LTD., 64-6 Tinsley St., LONDON S.E.1 and HULL.



The "Quality First" Morris
—the car with world appeal

Look where you will on the roads of the world and there you will see "Quality First"
Morris cars road-proving their reliability. They have created a new and higher class of their own, excelling
in performance and comfortable travel. No wonder Nuffield's were the first
European manufacturers to build 2,000,000 vehicles.

The *"Quality First"*
MORRIS



MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD. OVERSEAS BUSINESS: NUFFIELD EXPORTS LIMITED, OXFORD, AND 41 PICCADILLY LONDON, W.1

C.C. 66A



The Eagle is distinguished by the Silver Ring.

THE Eagle

Occasionally in the mountain fastnesses of the Scottish Highlands, the lonely traveller may be treated to a rare sight. If lucky, he may witness the soaring majesty of the glorious Golden Eagle in flight. Utterly fearless, incredibly fierce, this great bird has a wing span of five feet or more. In the early spring it lays a "clutch" of two eggs, in a nest built high on the face of a rocky cliff. Quick growing fledgelings are fed on grouse and hare, instantly killed by the tenacious talons of the parent bird.

ON the road, as in the air, the Eagle is unchallenged. The Goodyear Eagle, mighty in strength and endurance, incomparable in appearance, is without doubt the tyre-building achievement of the age. Every technical advance of recent years is featured in this outstanding tyre. Deeper, tougher tread rubber provides impressive extra mileage. New improved All-Weather Tread design resists every direction of skid, gives quicker, safer stops. Wider, flatter tread area gives bigger grip, slower wear. The handsome reinforced sidewalls protect the tyre body from kerb damage and make cornering steadier than ever before.

The Eagle Tyre by Goodyear, the ultimate in car tyre quality, is the greatest car tyre value ever offered to the motoring world.

THE GOODYEAR TYRE & RUBBER CO. (GREAT BRITAIN) LTD. WOLVERHAMPTON

*On all
the brightest
wedding days*



*Pop
goes the*

MOUSSEC

Still the wine achievement of the century.
18/6 a bottle. From all wine merchants.

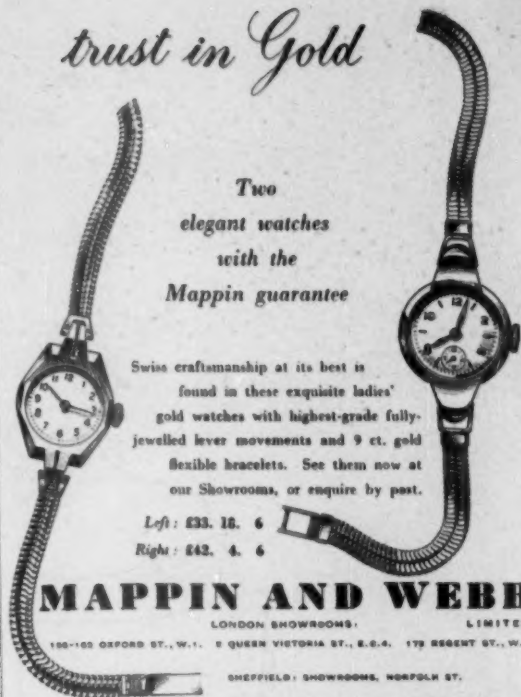
WE SHALL HAVE **MOUSSEC** WHEREVER WE GO

trust in Gold

Two
elegant watches
with the
Mappin guarantee

Swiss craftsmanship at its best is
found in these exquisite ladies'
gold watches with highest-grade fully-
jewelled lever movements and 9 ct. gold
flexible bracelets. See them now at
our Showrooms, or enquire by post.

Left: £33. 18. 6
Right: £42. 4. 6



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LONDON SHOWROOMS: LIMITED

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SHEFFIELD: SHOWROOMS, NORFOLK ST.

PARIS DIARRITE BUENOS AIRES RIO DE JANEIRO JOHANNESBURG BOMBAY

Whatever the occasion

Say it with Flowers-by-Wire



Order only through
florists displaying the
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Anniversaries... Birthdays...
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a magical way of expressing
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Fresh flowers can be sent to
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Flowers-by-Wire Service

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'Will you have an aspirin . . I mean a Disprin?'

'Why Disprin?' 'Why? Because it is soluble and far less acid'

'DISPRIN' is freely soluble and therefore takes effect without delay. And because it is far less acid it is far less likely to cause gastric irritation.

DISPRIN From all chemists. 50-tablet bottle 3/4, 26-tablet bottle 2/-; packet pack 8 tablets 9d.



CHARIVARIA

A SUGGESTION for brightening cricket by having four stumps instead of three has received unexpected support from many tail-end batsmen. It promises an escape at last from their recurring dream about losing the middle one.

"A number of passengers," begins a notice in London buses, "have been convicted for wilfully avoiding payment of their fares on London Transport vehicles." This is a piece of lean, cogent writing, well calculated to convince the intending swindler that any story about being afraid to ask change for a pound will collapse miserably under expert interrogation. But the author goes on: "Nonpayment of the correct fare by the few throws an unfair burden on the many," which is a mistake and weakens what has gone before. The passenger jolted into uprightness by the first sentence now sees it for a hollow bluff, unsure of itself and needing the support of an appeal to his better nature. Picking up the nearest discarded ticket he will fall into a determined, window-gazing coma, from which only the voice of an approaching inspector will have power to rouse him.

"Winner of a walking race for postmen during the 13th Congress of the Universal Postal Union held in Brussels," reports *The Star*, "was Mr. A. H. Cotton, of

Southall, Middlesex. Forty-three entrants from most European countries competed in the 9½ miles race which Mr. Cotton, in full uniform complete with bags, covered in one hour and fifty-six minutes."

Not flannel, either.

"Adventurous girl wanted to join another hitch-hiking (Youth Hostels) France, Italy, 2-3 months on £25."

Advertisement in The Times

Go on, what happened?

The Russians have presented British authorities in Germany with a fifteen-million-mark telephone bill for calls between eastern and western zones made since 1945. This has occasioned some comment among Foreign Office accountants, who point out that in diplomatic exchanges between London and Moscow, over roughly the same period, it has always been the policy to reverse each other's charges.

Sir Richard Redmayne, President of the Institution of Professional Civil Servants, has spoken at the annual delegate conference of the lessening importance attached by the Government to the quality of its Civil Servants. He added, "The fact is that, unfortunately, the Civil Service to-day fails to give the modest



competence that was available before the war." This has caused a number of delegates to wonder whose side Sir Richard is on.

A nonagenarian's prescription for longevity is hard work and total abstinence. He should try selling that at a shilling a time.

Those who select their reading by title alone may be disappointed to find that a new book, *Three Bear Witness*, is a work of fiction and not, as they supposed, the collected depositions of Ministry of Food Enforcement Officer Goldilocks from the notorious porridge-wastage case onwards.

Discussing the possibility that commercial broadcasting will exist side-by-side with our present system, an advertising journal points out that every advertiser would have to be given an equal opportunity to make

use of the new medium. So we may yet hear a commercial station announcement: "This programme comes to you by courtesy of the B.B.C."

"The most fantastic car of all time. This is the New Phantom. A beautiful brougham body with original cellulose literally without blemish. On entering the car one steps into an atmosphere of Regency luxury. All the upholstery is in hand-woven 'petit point' with face-sideway occasionalis which spring into place on pushing a button. All interior woodwork is in rich satinwood and gilt with most beautiful carving. The interior roofing is hand-painted by an artist, believed to be a Royal Academician, in most beautiful colours, which is illuminated by concealed lighting. Silk curtains are fitted all round. All fittings throughout are silver-plated and the door handles are in chased silver. Cherubs in the interior hold tastefully shaded lighting units, numerous cunningly worked cupboards are fitted. Silver-plated carriage lamps in cut glass. All six tyres are as new. An original unused fully comprehensive tool kit with spares. In view of its condition we believe the recorded mileage of 7,000 to be the total mileage since new. There has never been another similar car built and it is impossible to fully describe this magnificent carriage which has been used by a nobleman for official functions only."

Adapt. in *The Motor*

Could we have a word or two about the official functions?



"Melanie has just arrived back from seeing a friend off on the Comet."

I REMEMBER THE 'TWENTIES

CERTAINLY I remember the 'twenties. I lived through them, from start to finish. As far as that goes, you couldn't have come to a better man.

Odd, isn't it, what a period flavour those days have suddenly come to have? Short skirts and saxophones. Suzanne Lenglen and bottle-parties and bright young things. I fancy I must be one of the few people alive who haven't aired their recollections of bobbed hair, and Wembley, and the General Strike, and I should be delighted to do so now; but I may as well be honest with you. The only part of all this that I seem able to remember is Wembley.

It is not a lot to show for ten years, I realize that. I am as partial to a little nostalgia as the next man, and when the 'twenties started being the Good But Slightly Disreputable Old Days, a few years ago, I wanted very much to feel that way about them myself; but I soon saw I wasn't going to manage it on what I remembered of Wembley.

Naturally, to begin with, I blamed myself for not having taken more notice of the reign of jazz and booze whilst it was on. Then it occurred to me that there have been other cases of people living through periods of history without becoming part of them. Blake did it. I don't want to press the parallel too closely—Blake had his outlook, I have mine—but I felt, and still feel, that there must be some reason why the salient features of this fabulous era made so little impression on me.

I hope this doesn't sound like a subtle disparagement of, say, tango teas and the German expressionist theatre. It isn't meant to. I am not trying to undermine anyone's faith in figures like Proust or d'Annunzio, either; or in Scott Fitzgerald or Joe Beckett or Horatio Bottomley—or in the Misses Anita Loos and Gertrude Stein. I know that these people were around in the 'twenties, just as much as I was. In their different ways they left

their mark, I am quite sure—but not on me.

Perhaps it boils down to a matter of temperament. We are not all made the same way. It may have been that one or two of us—the die-hards, if you like—were just out of sympathy with the cult of Flaming Youth and the influence of places like the Left Bank and Gordon Square. I am not sure that this explanation is the whole truth, either; but it fits the facts. The result is, of course, that, for better or worse, people like me will never have any but the haziest idea what went on in these places. Looking back, I am not entirely sorry; any more than I really regret not having taken part in the widespread collapse of morals about this time. I never heard about this till afterwards, needless to say. I expect they only approached people they thought would be interested.

Obviously, we missed a lot, being out of things like this, and not knowing what days they were, but I am bound to say life had its compensations. *The Rainbow* and *The Children's Newspaper* were excellent value, in their sober fashion. So was Greyfriars, and so was P. G. Wodehouse in *The Strand*. If we hadn't any Hemingway or Noël Coward, we did have Layton and Johnson, and Jack Payne, from somewhere called 2LO. And we most emphatically had the Pictures.

Yes, indeed. Now that I come to think of it, I must have spent a bigger slice of the 'twenties in what is called the "Silent Cinema" than almost anywhere else. (Silent? You should have heard us!) Let me say at once that I have no recollection of this Dr. Caligari, but there was a woman called Pearl White and a certain Felix the Cat who would unquestionably have made rings round him; and so would Tom Mix and Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton, and a number of energetic colleagues of theirs whose names I don't think I ever knew. I can get nostalgic about these at a moment's notice, and, in future, I have a good



mind to do it and give Wembley a rest.

These, for what they are worth, are my 'twenties. I am well aware that they are not everybody's. I don't imagine they are Sir Osbert Sitwell's, for example. I don't know that they even expressed any fundamental spirit of revolt, but the more I think about it the less I am inclined to bear fate any grudge. Nostalgia (I am coming to realize) is where you find it, and those of us who find it in the ninepennies have no reason to feel ashamed. Others may gaze back down the years after figures like Katherine Mansfield or Edith Wharton, and good luck to them—so long as they leave me Pola Negri, on whom my inner eye still focuses without any trouble at all. Where some see D. H. Lawrence I see his contemporary, Chester Conklin, and he gives complete satisfaction. I am not sure that he didn't embody an occasional touch of post-1918 cynicism, if it comes to that. If he didn't, I am afraid it is too late to do anything about it now.

Yes, these were my 'twenties. The others probably went on after I was in bed. It is too late to do anything about that either.

"FULL-DRRESS SESSION AT
PANMUNJON
'Overall Solution' Proposed"
Manchester Guardian

In case of dirty work?

TELEVISION CRICKET

MY love a cricket fan is he,
He wouldn't miss a game;
Old Trafford, Lord's or Headingley,
He'll watch it just the same,
And from the same position, which
Is right up in the air,
Moving at ease around the pitch
Within the best armchair.

In shades of grey to suit his choice
His little kingdom glows;
Booms loud or soft that kindly
voice
To tell him what he knows;
For him the scoreboard's fleeting
view,
The ash-tray on the floor,
The coffee brought by people who
Creep out, and shut the door.

And there through all the summer's
day,
A soul apart, he sits;
Now pushing back his chair, that
they
May carpet-sweep the bits,
Now answering the telephone,
Now taking in the bread,
Now, till four-thirty, getting shown
A cowboy film instead.

And now upon the quiet screen
The shadows melt and fade;
My love is happy; he has been
Where cricket's being played,
And in him is the deep content
All homebound crowds can share
Who ever turned a knob and went
Back to the best armchair.

ANDE

HEIGHTS OF FOLLY

SOME rather disturbing activity has been taking place lately in the air world, and the public has a right to know what is going on.

Last week it was announced in the Press that the R.A.F. had chosen the Gloster GA5 as its new all-weather fighter, and many of the papers carried illustrations. It could hardly be expected that many details would be released, and the accounts that appeared did their best with the fact that it is the first delta-winged aeroplane to go into production. Where they all trod very warily was in their treatment of the fact, perfectly clear from the illustrations released with the announcement, that this machine differs from all previous fighters in an even more fundamental respect.

As the views of it presented in the Press make quite obvious, this aeroplane is a vertical, instead of a horizontal design. The fuselage sticks up like a chimney, with the wings extended on each side in a vertical plane and the pilot resting his weight on his back and pointing his feet to the sky. The machine is, in other words, constructed to go up and down rather than to and fro. It is, that is to say,

a miniature edition of the space-ships familiar to everyone who has studied the problems of space-travel.

Fitted as they are with engines crude in construction and puny in power compared with those atomic motors we may expect in the next century or so, these aircraft are hardly likely as yet to be able to leave the earth's gravitational field. But one glance at their lines reveals to the merest interplanetary amateur what their ultimate purpose must be.

If any doubt remained, a news item released next day confirmed the worst suspicions. An American "Skyrocket" aircraft reached a height of nearly eighty thousand feet.

What was an American aeroplane, or airplane, doing fifteen miles above the earth's surface? There are no MIGs there, and the altitude is not enough to allow an observer over Muroc, California, to see into Soviet territory, even with a telescope. The inescapable conclusion is that Britain and the U.S.A. have entered into competition in the space-exploration field.

This is surely one activity where Britain can afford to lag behind. Americans, we know, have expressed concern at the helplessness of the

earth in face of hypothetical aggressors from the moon; but then America has been the recipient of innumerable visits from flying saucers of one kind and another for some years now, and that must stimulate that kind of thinking. Great Britain, on the other hand, has been almost immune from these pests. There is, moreover, no particular reason to suppose that the saucers come from the moon, so even if the "Skyrocket" were boosted sufficiently to reach the place the Americans might be no better off.

That, however, is America's business. Frankly, space is no place for decent Britons. Of Mars, for example, it is possible for the writer of a recent story called "Earth Needs a Killer" to say that in 1983 "real earth law" is required to "clean up dives like Jehahn's *krin-krin* tavern on the North Canal, a breeding place for crime." As early as 1960 it will be unremarkable, according to this authority, for a man "born in the asteroids" to grow up with a record of "brawls, drunks and a few killings in self-defense" and consider it "not too bad."

As for the events forecast for the remoter worlds in remoter ages by those who have given these matters most thought, they are horrifying in the extreme. Dictatorships, death-rays and the universal (if that word is inclusive enough) employment of the American speech-idiom of the middle twentieth century are among the mildest of them.

On the day the news broke about the GA5, the appointment of some new officers to the Air Council was greeted in the papers by such headlines as "First Jet-Age Men Chosen." Among the new Air Council's most pressing tasks must be the production, with "super-priority," of a GA5 Mark II which will return to the normal practice of flying more or less horizontally. Their American counterparts must be persuaded to work on similar lines.

If this leaves the Soviet bloc in sole possession of space, it will be no more than they deserve. Should they become a nuisance in a century or so, no doubt the "First Space-Age Men" will be ready by then to deal with them. B. A. YOUNG



THE MERCHANT OF PERSIA

If you deny me, fie upon your law! (Shylock)

So vital is the cause at stake to the nation that Persia cannot afford the slightest risk of an unfavourable decision. (Moussadek)



THE Isle of Man's ordeal by uproar is over, at any rate for the time being, and the Manxman can rest his cringing eardrums. For more than a fortnight they have vibrated to the wild music of the racing motor-cycle, which approaches like a doodle-bug, passes like a low-flying aircraft and fades into the distance like a swarm of angry bluebottles. This music goes round and round, from Douglas waterfront, up to Ramsey and the gaunt slopes of Snaefell, down through Cronk-ny-Mona, and round again; and again, and again, and again, and again, and again. If it isn't racing, it's practising for racing—and practising begins, officially, and backed by the provisions of the Road Races Act, at 4.45 A.M. When the professionals aren't at it, the amateurs are. These young men have been bringing in their own machines, mere dawdlers of 80 m.p.h. or so at maximum, in batches of two thousand a day, keeping the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company's steam packets dangerously low in the water. As soon as the course is declared open for ordinary traffic they go shoaling down Bray Hill (one in eight) and howling off round the thirty-seven-mile circuit, affecting a near-professional crouch and telling themselves that, given a properly doctored "works" machine, they could be every bit as good as Mr. Geoffrey Duke. Unhappily, some of them lack the dual touch, and twenty of them fell

off the other Sunday; that is how they would describe it, no doubt, to the nurses; no motor-cycling ace ever crashes, even at "full chat," which may be somewhere around one hundred and thirty-five miles an hour; he falls off; or, in another and borrowed understatement, prangs.

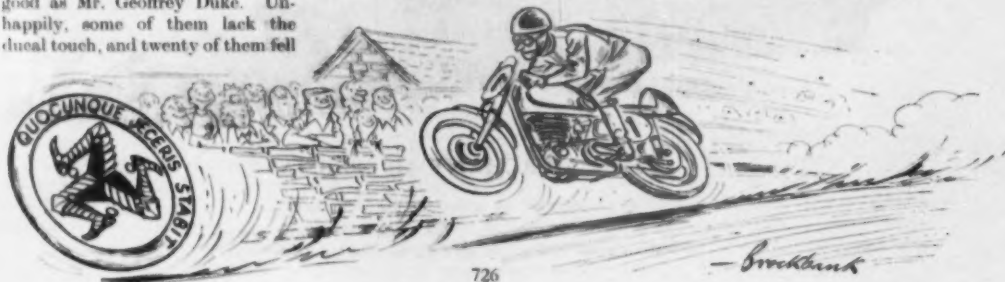
However, on the bright blue morning of the Junior T.T., it was plain that the islanders entertained no churlish feelings towards their guests, either in their professional hundreds or amateur thousands. No farmyard or meadow at a strategic point along the route was without its little grandstand, with refreshment tent behind, and even small front-gardens with delicate, non-motor-cycle-resistant hedges proclaimed on a chalked notice "Enclosure 1s." As for the grandstand at the start, nothing could be grander, and when, five minutes before the first rider was due to be catapulted into the middle distance, the Lieutenant-Governor arrived with the Bishop of Sodor and Man, it was clear that the event did not lack support of the most influential kind.

Music played, flags and bunting billowed in a mild northerly breeze, officials hastened to and fro hitching up their arm-bands, well-groomed manufacturers' representatives loitered anxiously, praying that the winner would be using the firm's inner-tubes or plugs or piston-rings,

as advertised a yard high underneath the scoreboard; a small, unexpected parade of Boy Scouts took place at the starting-line, with banners, before its members dispersed to their task of marking up the lap-by-lap results, the sun glinted on the corralled machines in the field across the road, and the riders themselves, in skin-tight black leathers, swung their crash-helmets and had a last thoughtful word with their mechanics at the pits.

A siren sounded, a flag was lifted . . . and fell . . . and a slight figure was seen pushing a motor-cycle much too heavy for it . . . which suddenly exploded into life and disappeared down the straight at what the fraternity would term "a horrible velocity." From then onwards eighty-two more human shots left the starter's gun at ten-second intervals, and, what with trying to watch the last without missing the next, more than one spectator suffered a sharp attack of Wimbledon neck. The din was at the same time exhilarating and sickening, as if the ears, for this particular occasion, had a direct line to the stomach . . .

Should you, as a visitor to the Island at T.T. time, be offered a pre-race tour of the course by, say,



Mr. Graham Walker, who has himself covered it twenty-seven times as a competitor—which means, really, a hundred and eighty-nine times, since it's a seven-lap race—do not hesitate to accept. True, the road will be open to all sorts of aspiring speedsters at the time, but he'll take you round on four wheels, not two, and any early qualms you may feel at meeting a clutch of amateur motor-cyclists shooting over Brad-dan Bridge four feet off the ground, not only circuiting in the wrong direction but further handicapped by having screaming young ladies on the back, will be quite overborne by his reminiscences of those twenty-seven trips, telescoped into a

which broke one rider's leg, another's arm, and unhappily terminated the career of a third.

The skilled rider knows "the line" as he knows the lines of his hand. Like another famous line, it is imaginary; it is that foot-wide ribbon of roadway which he must follow if he is to keep the straightest, shortest, fastest and safest course, robbing an S-bend of its curls by hugging the left-hand kerb in the lower half and the right-hand kerb in the upper, aiming his front wheel six inches to the left of a manhole cover on a steep-banking corner, but remembering to lean his head well over on his right shoulder if he doesn't want it to hit the pillar-box.

In professional language, the

when they say that good riders, given average luck, don't come to grief; if so, it looks as if the standard to-day is higher than it ever was; of the eighty-three starters in this year's Junior T.T. (some who should have started never did; as usual, there had been spills during practice) the only hospital case, in a race which took Duke nearly three hours to win at an average speed of more than ninety miles an hour, was an ankle broken by M. V. Lockwood, who fell off at Kirkmichael.

Casualties among nervous old ladies, retired colonels with high blood pressure and others prescribed rest and quiet by their doctors are not recorded. Survivors in this class are congratulating themselves because the Island's next trial of speed is a race for pedal-cycles round the

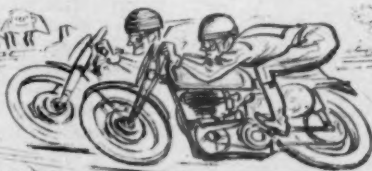
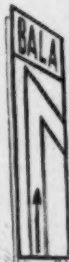


fascinating catalogue of disaster. He recalls, at Windy Corner, the fate of riders who omitted to allow for the wind there; at Sulby Bridge, that of others who failed to stay on the bridge and went in the river; he tells of fellow-racers who bounced off sheep at the foot of Baaregarroo, skidded in tar at Rhencullin, forgot there were three rights, not two, at the Bungalow, went through the wall at the Waterworks or the pub window at Creg-ny-Baa, seized up abruptly coming down Glen Vine (at full chat), tried to get between a tree and a telegraph pole at Glen-tramman, overshot at Signpost, misjudged the long bend at Keppel, fell off at the bottom of Hillberry, or participated in the notorious Greeba Bridge incident of 'twenty-nine,

course is "dicey" throughout; to finish it at all calls for the impeccably judged evasion of a thousand traps; and when a race is over the onlookers, swarming from their fox-holes behind walls and trees and straw-bales, can study with admiring astonishment "the line," now visible, painted dark on the road surface by the passage of hundreds of humming tyres; the fate of the deviationist is either to come in half an hour after the winner has concluded his Press interviews and got into a hot bath, or to "fall off." In the latter event he can draw comfort from the reflection that future maps of the course may include a Corner named after him.

Perhaps the experts are right

same circuit; the hush will be eerie. Informants state, however, that this event, too, produces swift drama from time to time, and some may think that the arrival of a be-goggled stranger, over the hedge and into the greenhouse, is even more of a shock without audible warning of approach. J. B. BOOTHROYD



A JOURNEY ROUND MY BOOKSHELVES

IV. With Whitman on the Open Road

ONE of my favourite anthologies is E. V. Lucas's *The Open Road*, and this seemed a suitable book to take with me when I went on a walking tour in Wales a few weeks ago. In it I found Walt Whitman's "Song of the Open Road," and I read it with great interest, since, as far as I could make out, he seemed to be setting out on some sort of a

walking tour himself. The piece puzzled me, I must confess.

First—though this is a mere bagatelle—why did Whitman style his work a song? It can hardly be very much less than three thousand words in length, and it includes passages that I should have thought would have sounded odd, however tunelessly set, on the lips of the

average baritone. Let us consider, for example, "Now understand me well—it is provided in the essence of things that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary." I suppose one could set the first phrase to some sort of ascending scale, with a sustained high note on "well," but what of the rest? A chanted monotone? However, all this, as I say, is a mere bagatelle. What puzzled me chiefly was Whitman's really extraordinary attitude towards the whole question of walking tours in general.

It has always seemed to me that the choice of a companion for a holiday of this kind is a matter demanding the most anxious and careful consideration. What does Whitman say? "Allons! Whoever you are, come travel with me!" To my mind, this is rank insanity, though certainly not so incredibly rash as the suggestion with which the poem ends—"Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?" I can think of literally scores of points on which I should wish to be satisfied before I should dream of framing the first invitation in the most tentative way, never mind the second. Let me glance briefly at three: length of stride, conversational power, tact. Now, I travelled alone on the holiday I have mentioned, but on one occasion, ascending a wild mountain pass, I was overtaken by a fellow walker in whose company I remained for several hours. He was a tall man, with an exceedingly long, slow stride, and to fit my own to it I was forced to adopt an awkward, slinking action, similar to that of Mr. Groucho Marx, a means of progress which I found exhausting in the extreme. My companion's conversation was confined to his father's appendix, removed, as he put it, "bang in the middle of the 1949 festive season." He talked colourfully and well, but the subject was naturally not one in which I myself





had much opportunity for verbal fireworks. At the head of the pass stood a large hotel, and we went in and drank whisky and soda in a handsome lounge. My companion settled down comfortably to describe the removal of his father's stitches, at the same time, to my dismay, producing from his rucksack a tin of sardines, a loaf, butter, radishes, cheese, a large lettuce, two hard-boiled eggs and some salt. "Nowadays, of course," he said, biting into a radish with a deafening crunch, "the incision is a mere nothing. I'll just pop into the dining-room and borrow a knife and fork." "But—!" I began, in anguish. "Oh yes," he said, "and a plate." I sat, surrounded by provisions and transfixed by contemptuous stares, wondering what Whitman would have thought of it all. The operation talk he would probably have shouted down, and he might not have bothered much about keeping in step (in fact, after another glance at "Song of the Open Road" I am inclined to think that he would have taken great pains to avoid it), but there is something very disconcerting about the blank stares reserved for eccentric strangers by hotel guests of three or four days' standing, and I doubt if Whitman would have

relished them any more than I did. "Allons!" I feel he would have exclaimed. "We must not stop here, however sweet these laid-up stores, however convenient this dwelling," and he would have made some excuse and got out of the place as quickly as possible.

Then, exactly what sort of a tour was it that Whitman envisaged? "Whoever you are, come forth! Or man or woman, come forth!" he writes, adding, rather fussily, "You must not stay sleeping and dallying there in the house." It was to be a mixed party, therefore, and, since it was open, as far as I can make out, to pretty well everyone except people who drank rum, a very large one. Little is said about the route to be followed, but Whitman declares that "We will sail pathless and wild seas," so it is reasonable to suppose, even allowing for a little poetic exaggeration, that some sort of boating excursion was contemplated. An odd point here is that not the slightest mention is made of advance hotel bookings or sailing tickets, and it actually seems as if Whitman must have innocently supposed that this large party could blunder into hostelry or boat and find accommodation at a moment's notice. In practice even a single walker may find himself trailing wearily from hotel to hotel, as I know only too well from my experiences in Bangor on this particular holiday.

There is a streak of boastfulness in Whitman that struck me rather unpleasantly. "Allons!" he cries (one cannot help feeling that the man would have been something of a trial at the breakfast table), "Allons! yet take warning! He travelling with me needs the best blood, thews, endurance." My thews are about average, I suppose, but I content myself with a quiet twelve miles or so a day, with frequent rests. Whitman, I imagine, had done thirty or forty on some occasion, and the thing had gone to his head. This bombast occasionally gives place to pure conceit. "Do you know what it is as you pass to be loved by strangers? Do you

know the talk of those turning eyeballs?" Now, of course, everyone looks curiously at walkers, particularly when they are staggering along under enormous loads, consulting compasses at every other step, as Whitman probably did, but there is not the slightest reason to believe that any particular feeling of affection is aroused.

Finally, what has Whitman to say about the most important question of all—equipment? Incredible though it may seem, there is not so much as a sock in the entire poem, and the only reference to anything of the kind occurs in the line "He going with me must go well arm'd." I should have been glad to know Whitman's attitude to the spare pair of trousers, and whether he had qualms similar to mine about entering into conversation with strangers while wearing a sou'wester. As to this question of arms, I take it that Whitman refers to a revolver. I will only say this, that I have walked the length and breadth of Wales for the best part of twenty years without firing a shot, and I have yet to find myself in a situation where more is called for than a cool head, a stout stick and a resolute demeanour.

T. S. WATT



TIME WAS

IN the forlorn crescent where the Warrells live, blotched plane-tree bark makes unkind mock of flaking stucco. Noble but decimated ranks of fat balusters bulge like the calves of the splendid footmen who once did their duty there; ponderous urns lean dangerously towards you like heavy stone flowers, exposing rusted iron stalks; and sets of chipped Aegean girls support the full weight of balconies on classical hair-styles which have stayed in curl despite a hundred and thirty years of London drip.

Old Mr. Warrell, on the rare occasions when he notices it, says sadly that the place needs doing up; he might as well say it of Pompeii or Herculaneum.

It is a long climb to the Warrells' flat, but the view is worth it. I like it best on an autumn evening at about sunset, when St. Paul's is pink, the Thames is on fire, and the last few leaves of the back-garden poplars spin in the wind like thin gold coins.

There is not much motor traffic to disturb the gone-down crescent, but other sounds haunt it: tenor yelps of "Whelks"; the baritone boom of "Co-ool"; the sweet, broken stammer of an exhausted barrel organ. And when the white globes of the gas—yes, it is still gas—begin to hiss, and the red plush curtains

are drawn across the sunset, Mr. Warrell sometimes forgets what year it is and asks plaintively if we cannot hear the muffin man's bell yet.

Miss Hetty Warrell has always known perfectly well what year it is, and says briskly to her brother "Don't be silly, Hal dear." She is a vigorous old lady with a sharp nose for a bargain.

Actually, I would rather talk to Hal dear; I can gossip about white sales and the meat ration with anyone, but only from the thin, dreaming voice of Mr. Warrell can I hear about the fashionable traffic that glittered in the Row sixty lost years ago; or the numbers of pairs of beautiful pale gloves old "Boney" Fairweather went through in a twelvemonth; or what "Tubby" Prescott brought home from India in a barrel in '03.

Mr. Warrell has heard of radio; in fact he knows someone who owns one. And he says that he believes they have taken away the iron railings surrounding Hyde Park—a foolish move, and bound to cause trouble. I think he has forgotten already his own nippy handling of two incendiary bombs which landed on the roof in 1940; there are other years where he prefers to wander. He can do this comfortably from his armchair; I don't know when he last took himself and his Ouida-guardsmen smoking-cap downstairs.

The only snag is that Mr. Warrell keeps giving me things, with a quick "Don't tell Hetty." Donations have included everything from a dried brown bouquet to a valuable little French clock. Under the jealous eye of Hetty, I have always managed to slip these gifts tactfully back again, but it is an uncomfortable game at best.

And yet something keeps drawing me to that eyrie, with its faint scent of gas and damp stone; a literary hope, perhaps, that one day I may cull some romantic story from an old man's journeyings in time.

On a brooding evening recently

I panted up the stairs and found Mr. Warrell seated at the window, looking out over a sultry London feathered with young green. One glance told me that he was not really with us, and that Hetty was in a mood. She sat fiddling with her work-box, and Mr. Warrell remarked suddenly, in a sleep-walking voice, "She was the best listener a man ever had." Thunder growled somewhere over the river.

"No matter how much I talked, she always listened so quietly," continued Mr. Warrell fondly. Hetty banged her work-box lid and tutted sharply; and, sensing a story, I pricked up my ears.

"She was about your size," said Mr. Warrell to me. "She liked silver jewellery—played with it while she listened."

("Haden't you better go now, before the rain starts?" suggested Hetty hospitably.)

"She had a silver bracelet once. Used to slip it on and off her wrist. She went away and forgot it, that last time," said the thin voice by the window. "I kept it for her."

Heavy drops aplashed on the sill, and Hetty prowled into the next room to shut the windows.

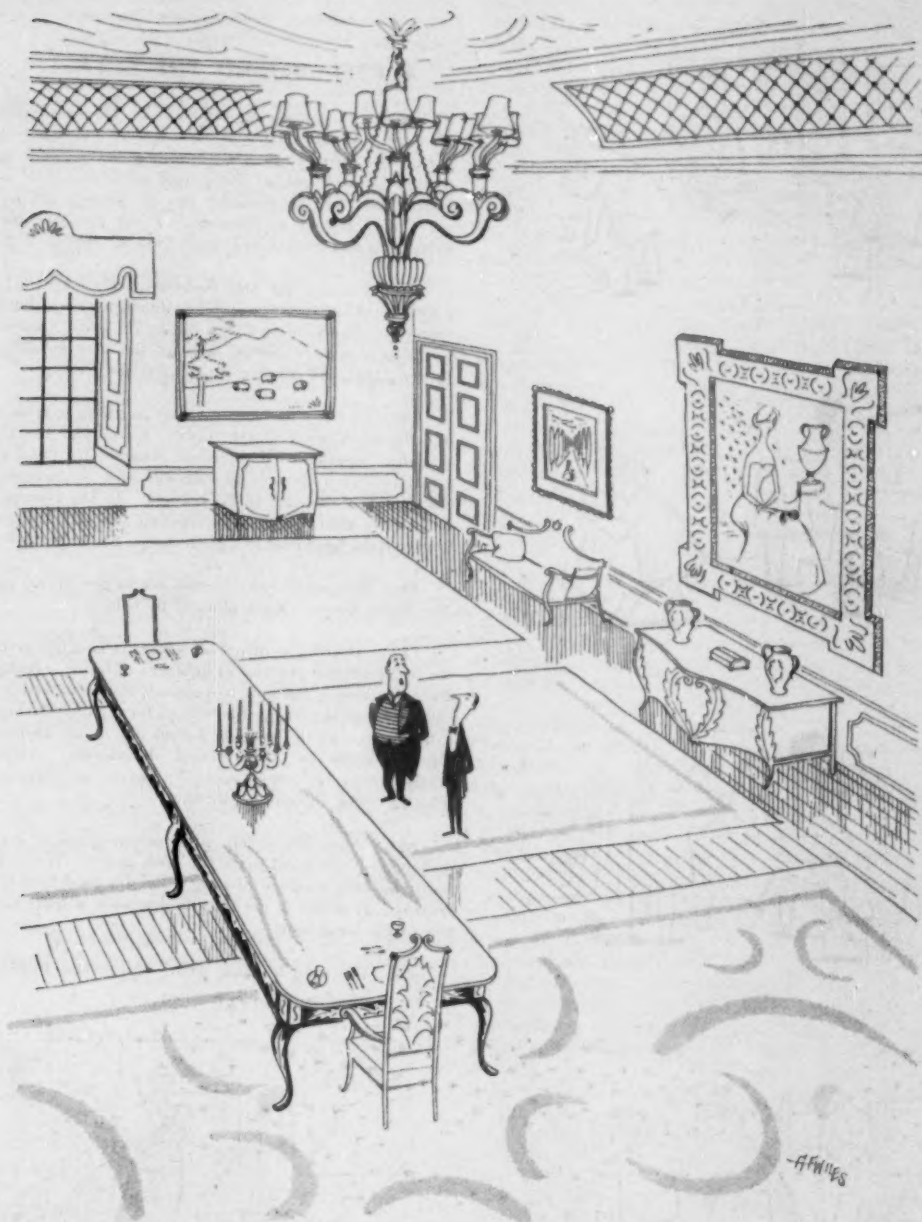
With surprising speed the old man snatched from his pocket a silver bracelet and pressed it into my grasp.

"Take it!" he whispered. "I'd like you to have it. Quick—here's Hetty." Foolishly carried away, I slipped the bracelet into my bag as Hetty came snooping back. The storm broke over the roof then, drowning all talk; and, when it had passed, Mr. Warrell just blinked wistfully, said "But she never came," and dropped off to sleep. Hetty glowered unhelpfully, and I left.

All the way down the long stairs and through the mouldering street that sad "But she never came" echoed in my mind. My feelings were quite worked upon, even though I was delighted to have back the bracelet I had mislaid a month before.

GERALDINE BUSSEY





"They change ends after the entrée."

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES

THERE is nothing so cheering for the intellectual worker as squeezing two sales out of one piece of work. An increasingly popular way of doing this is to publish the notebook or diary kept while the work is being done. As no publisher has yet made a bid for my epic, "Legend of Lyonesse," I am reversing the usual order and publishing extracts from my Journal first.

2nd. George, Sid and Kenworthy-Folliot called. I read them Canto Seven. Sid enthusiastic, the others reserved. Resolved to thank Sid in Preface. George said the accent in Merlin falls on the first syllable. If true, this will involve much rewriting.

4th. Up early and spent a busy morning roughing out the description of the dawn. Marguerite thinks "plashy," applied to the horizon, mannered. Read a good deal of Tennyson to discover how he induces suspension of disbelief in his readers. In the evening Marguerite read me some interesting statistics about Cornwall she has found in a guide-book. She reads well.

8th. Marguerite has detected a cockney rhyme in *The Faerie Queen*. Much cheered by this.

11th. Decided to introduce a song. This will give me badly-needed practice in lightness of touch. Aunt Blithe to stay. Difficult to persuade her that Arthur did not found the Navy. She was all for my introducing a hornpipe. In the evening I read one of the earlier Cantos—Three in the present numbering. Aunt Blithe found it "very sporty." Am in two minds whether to be encouraged by this.

12th. Aunt Blithe left, after advising me to get somebody really good to do the book-jacket. Worked hard checking scansion of song. Read a good deal of *Hamlet*. It seems to me that Shakespeare is quite on top of his form here.

13th. The song is going well. Marguerite thinks



it might run to a third verse. Have begun to keep a Commonplace Book for passages that have struck me in my reading. The first two extracts come from *The Oxford Book of English Prose*, a veritable treasury of the quotable. Began reading Fowler's *Modern English Usage*, racy and perceptive.

16th. Decided to cut thirty-two lines from the description of the sun shining on Sir Lancelot and transfer them to the Invocation to the Thames. After tea suddenly wrote forty-three lines, mainly of a speculative nature. More and more it seems to me that Merlin symbolizes modern science. Have asked Marguerite to get me a book on this from the library.

17th. Worked really hard. Rhymes simply teemed into my mind. Marguerite thinks my scene between Sir Bedivere and The Shade of To-morrow the most sparkling thing I have done since the old days on the *News Chronicle*. Kenworthy-Folliot called and talked rather tediously about Ezra Pound. He does not grasp that Pound's aims are not mine. He writes more Cantos, but less happens in them. Am greatly relishing Fowler. He throws a completely fresh light on the pronunciation of "habergeon."

21st. A diverting visit to "The Duke's Arms." I was drawn into an argument about whether plump women are more soulful than thin ones. This reminded me that I had rather hedged on Guinevere's dimensions in Canto Two. Discussed with Marguerite whether my epic would be improved by my reading *Paradise Lost*. We decided it might let me in for unconscious plagiarism. During the evening suddenly thought of an epithet for marble, viz. "mottled." Marguerite will check with the Geological Museum.

22nd. A steady output of work, new material for Canto Nine and much revision of Canto Eight. I think I have now spotted all the floating particples. Letter from Bloodworthy asking me to recommend a rhyming dictionary. Replied that it is more satisfactory to make one's own. No point in encouraging competition.

24th. Have read a good deal of Izaak Walton, as Marguerite feels that my descriptions of fish lack light

and shade. Was horrified to find that Canto Four was not, as I had imagined, complete. Some kind of bridge is necessary between the Address to Wisdom and the Banquet. Intend to insert soliloquy by a cook. Apparently there is no firm rhyme to "lemon."

25th. Very despondent. Could not think of really striking conclusion to Canto Nine, until at dinner it occurred to me to use a gnomic couplet. Marguerite has suggested that she should learn etching and illustrate the more expensive editions. Have advised her to start on the easier sections like the Hymn to the Moon, which fills the gap before Merlin's appearance in Canto Two. The moon cannot be very hard to etch, and all else can be darkness. To-morrow I begin my holiday. I shall read a good deal of Dickens. He has much to teach me, especially in maintaining suspense. Also his strict moral standards will prevent my getting too tolerant in my treatment of Guinevere.

N.B.—When I resume work I must draw more similes from the mineral world. I have strangely neglected it.
R. G. G. PRICE

OUT OF TUNE

HOW jaded and disillusioned the cuckoo sounds,
Hanging about under the hot June sun,
Listless, but loath to leave his stamping grounds
And face the end of his fun.

Three months ago, when first we heard him, when
The leaves were emerald and the warmth went with
the day,
He was nature's bachelor, the mocker of married men,
Irresponsible and gay,

Filling our heads with high, unspeakable things,
Wild delights that the mind half hinted at:
But now the spring is as dead as our other springs,
And the cuckoo is singing flat:

And the soberer birds, seeing the year go by,
Are busy with sitting and hatching and feeding and
such,
Or teaching their stripling offspring how to fly,
Or laying another clutch.

But the cuckoo has nothing to keep him: he is free
To fly to further excitements worlds away;
And yet he havers and sulks and sings off key,
Till I ask myself in dismay

Whether middle age has only this for its choice,
To be bitter and bored, or dull, domestic and good:
To mock high heaven with a discordant voice,
Or sweat for its lawful brood.

P. M. HUBBARD



NO RECORD FOR BAXTER

"TIMEKEEPING is not as easy as it looks," said Baxter as we went out on to the field. "But you will soon get used to it."

"Until you spoke those words of encouragement," said Cox, "I was as nervous as a wee birdie who thinks he will never learn to fly."

"I'm not trying to be superior," said Baxter. "I've been time-keeping for over ten years, and I'm quite sure I'm a better timekeeper now than I was in the beginning."

"I suppose," said Cox, "that in the beginning you used to gaze at the hand on the watch going round and round instead of looking at the runners."

"It's quite a thrill," said Baxter, "when you clock a record. I can remember breaking the 440, the mile, the 120-yards hurdles, and the half-mile relay. I shouldn't wonder if we didn't break the mile again to-day."

"I don't think we are experienced enough to break records," said Cox.

The first race was the 100 yards. Baxter returned 10.4 seconds. Cox and I returned 10.3 seconds.

Baxter shook his head.

"Well, we shall have to take your time," he said, "as there's two of you in agreement, but you both seem to be making the same mistake. You probably got a faster time

because you started your watches too late. Remember now—go by the flash of the pistol and not by the report. Light travels faster than sound."

"I suppose," said Cox, "that's why we know what you are going to say before you say it."

In the next race Baxter returned 23.1 seconds. Cox and I returned 22.9 seconds.

Baxter shook his head again.

"You see," he said, "you're both too fast again."

"Isn't it just possible," said Cox, "that you are too slow?"

Baxter smiled indulgently.

"Everybody makes mistakes," he said, "but I doubt whether I could have made the same mistake twice. As a matter of fact I was listening for your clicks at the beginning of the race, and for a moment I thought your watches were never going to start. Try holding your mouth open—that minimizes the shock to the nervous system caused by the loud report and enables you to get off the mark more quickly."

"I must admit," said Cox, "that it would be difficult for the starter to catch you with your mouth shut."

The next race, the 440, revealed a complete reversal of form. I had 50.1 seconds, Cox had 50 seconds, and Baxter 49.9 seconds.

Baxter scrutinized the watches carefully. He was obviously playing for time.

"Your mouth," said Cox—"it wasn't open wide enough. Try to let your lower jaw rest on your chest next time. With a bit of luck you may dislocate it."

"H'm," said Baxter. "Of course, errors can creep in at the finish as well as the start. Beginners often become over-excited and press the button just before the runner reaches the tape."

"If we had done that," said Cox, "our times would have been faster than yours, not slower."

"Eh?" said Baxter. "Oh yes. No, I meant that one can get so interested in the finish of a race that one presses the button after the tape has been broken."

"The weakness of most of the great philosophers," said Cox, "is that they have a preconceived idea of where they are going even before they know how they are going to get there."

"Well," said Baxter, "I hope we agree better in the mile. Spadlow has a great chance of breaking the record."

"Personally, I would put Baxter's chances much higher," said Cox.

The mile was run at a tremendous pace. Spadlow won by about fifteen yards.

"4 minutes 25.6 seconds," I said.

"4 minutes 25.7 seconds," said Cox. "That's about 2 seconds inside the record."

Baxter was gazing at his watch with his mouth open, but he said nothing.

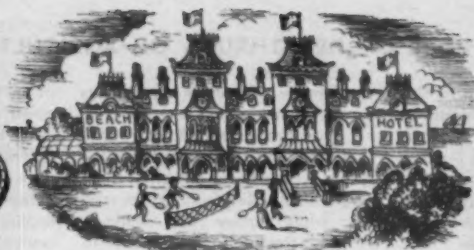
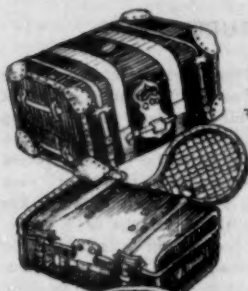
"Just heaven," said Cox, "he's dislocated his jaw, after all."

"You chaps must be mad," said Baxter at last. "He broke the record easily—4 minutes 8.1 seconds. Why, it's in world class!"

Cox took the watch from Baxter's hand. He pressed the button twice.

"It's stopped," he said. "You forgot to wind it up."





Space-Time Holiday

COME hasten, my love, and let us disport
Ourselves at an "excellent health resort";
There are "frequent trains"—with that latest boon
The "Corridor Coach" and the "Smoking Saloon";
And "Luncheon Baskets"—with wine and fruit—
"May be bought at the principal stops *en route* . . ."

When at dusk we arrive at our destination
A "conveyance" will meet us at the station
And bear us away, our "portmanteaux" as well,
With a clatter of hoofs to the Beach Hotel,
Which boasts (as you see from this steel engraving)
Four Union Jacks, all gallantly waving,
And "Table d'Hôte at separate tables,"
"The electric light," and "commodious stables,"
And "Baths, Hot and Cold," and—*le dernier cri*—
"A dark room for photography . . ."

Having dined, we will saunter off to a seat
On the pier—"three thousand and eighty-one feet
In length"—and gaze at the high-collared swells
Escorting the long-skirted, straw-boated belles,
And bask in the breeze and the band for an hour
By the clock on The Diamond Jubilee Tower—
"A handsome structure of Gothic design
Erected in 1899 . . ."

Should the weather be wet (as it is at present)
We can sit in the Lounge—"extremely pleasant"—
And indulge in some casual, aimless chatter
On Hotels and their curious reading-matter
(Like this guide-book, for instance, to Somewhere-
on Sea
Dating, roughly, from nineteen hundred and
three . . .).
E. V. MILNER



EFFECT OF HEARTHUGS ON AGRICULTURE

THE state of agriculture in this country, which has been parlous as far back as anyone can remember, has been attributed to many failings, but no one, so far as I know, has thought of looking for first causes in the nursery, where even now the farmers of the future are boring holes in their little metal pigs and leaving their horses, which have only three legs, to spend the night leaning against a motor-cycle ridden by a man with his head on backwards. It is in this nightmare world, where a hen may lay an egg the size of a spare wheel and a company of Scots Guards, with rifles at the slope, go trampling suddenly among the kangaroos in the kitchen garden, that we shall surely find the root of

the trouble. There is an obvious case for investigation here.

It is not suggested, of course, that the conscious mind of the future farmer never outgrows these early, lunatic impressions; clearly, any adult farmer who made a serious attempt to bore holes in his pigs or fix his motor-cyclists' heads on backwards would soon find himself in trouble with the county agricultural executive committee. No, it is a more insidious danger than that: it is in the unconscious mind that these ideas persist. Probably up to fifty per cent of young men who choose the occupation of farmer are influenced in their choice by the romance and variety, the free-and-easy chaos, of the way

of life that their unconscious minds recall on the hearthrug; and that same fifty per cent, ever yearning for the three disabled bears who were supported by the three petrol pumps of their childhood, ever hoping for the sight of a redskin among the haystacks or a drum-major peeping out from behind the hen-house, will be disappointed men who will never make good in their profession.

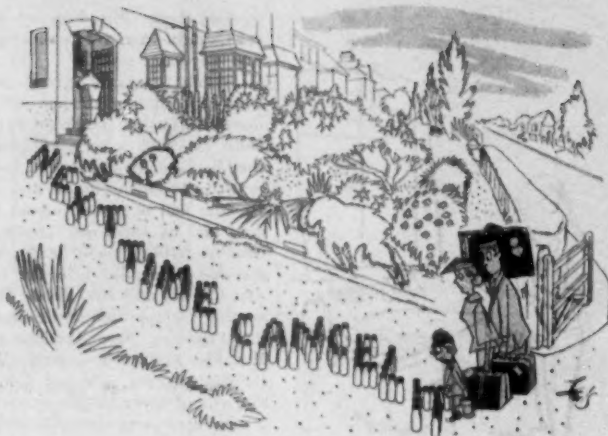
The question remains, what are parents to do about it; what can any of us do about it? Well, first of all we could enforce some kind of regulation (one more would hardly be noticed) that models of farmyard and other animals, of whatever material constructed, should be



"Quarter of a gallon, pl—"

made to a uniform scale. No farmer who has at one time possessed a plastic hen as big as a lead rhinoceros is ever going to be completely satisfied with the ordinary, measly, real-life hen, and a farmer who feels inadequacy in his hens will never get the best out of them.

Secondly, and this is a matter for parents, we should try to help our children to distinguish more carefully between one set of models and another. A few words of advice will probably be sufficient. "What are we playing? Farms? Right, get those garage attendants out of it! Put those infernal seals away! Anything with three legs or less—into the dust-bin!" You see what I mean? The matter must be taken in hand without delay.



LIFE WITH THE GROOBYS

The Apology

"GRAN'MA Grooby has arrived," my wife said, when I got home on Friday.

"Oh," I said.

"And Captain Fish rejoins his ship to-morrow."

I said I didn't see any connection, and my wife said there wasn't any connection—yet.

I thought I would mow the lawn, and I was getting on with this when Grooby and his father came wandering down the road, rootling hopelessly in the elder bushes and clumps of nettles. I coughed discreetly and Gran'pa Grooby looked up. "It's just a bell we're looking for," he said. "Their grandmother brought their mother an alarm-clock and the bell seems to have come off."

Doubtless the boys had removed it and were melting it down, but I felt I couldn't say so to Gran'pa Grooby, who has sad grey moustaches and a bald head of a rather surprising shape. I left my mowing-machine and went to help rootle, but without conviction. Presently the search was called off by Gran'ma Grooby, whose powerful voice echoed down the road with the news that

the boys were locked in the bathroom, shaving the baby's head with the electric razor. Grooby and his father broke into a shambling trot, and the scene closed with a stirring bit of percussion—arranged for two housewives and marked *appassionato*—as Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Prudder slammed their windows shut.

It was a warm evening, and Mrs. Fish opened her windows again later. She had arranged a musical entertainment to give Captain Fish something to think about when he regained the high seas, and the strains of Mrs. Prudder singing "Because" and "Nirvana" could be heard until a quarter past ten, when Grooby was sent round to ask them to shut the windows again because Gran'ma couldn't get herself off to sleep.

Next day the dawn chorus began at six-thirty-five exactly, when I heard one of the Grooby boys saying in penetrating tones "You just fill it with water." I turned over and tried to sleep again, but the silence became too much for me and I had to get out of bed and go to the window. It was the sort of morning

one associates with Wordsworth and Westminster Bridge, and the sight was touching though not majestic. Gordon and Gregory were fixing up a siphoning system to empty Mrs. Fish's rain-water butt into the letter-box of her front door, whilst Graham did some tunnelling in one of the flower-beds. When the system was operating to their satisfaction they turned and went up the road.

I decided to go down and make a cup of tea. The sun was gaining strength and I strolled into the garden in time to see the Groobys returning with mops and buckets and a bicycle-pump. "Emptying the bilge," they remarked, by way of greeting. "Cleaning up." I retreated into the house, having caught a glimpse of Mrs. Fish coming downstairs in her purple dressing-gown. Later, while we were having breakfast, we saw her kneeling on her steps. She was wearing her green mob-cap, which is reckoned in the neighbourhood to be more or less synonymous with a storm cone.

Round about eleven o'clock Mrs. Prudder called in. She said she knew we'd be





worried about Mrs. Fish. "What with the Captain leaving this afternoon," she went on, sipping her coffee, "and now all this..." Her voice tailed away.

"All what?" we said.

"She took Captain Fish along and had a showdown with the Groobys this morning."

"And how did it—?"

"It went very well up to a point, and then the grandmother agreed with everything Mrs. Fish had said. She said her grandsons needed a lesson, and she was going to see they got it."

"Well, that seems very—"

"She said that instead of taking them to the circus this afternoon she would take them down to the railway station, where they would make a public apology to Captain and Mrs. Fish. It was the least she could do, and it was something that the boys would remember. Captain Fish said perhaps Miss Quelch would come



too, with her dachshunds, and Mr. Snape might bring little Deirdre; and Gran'ma Grooby said she would see what she could do, and it was a pity they couldn't all go down to the quayside and have the

apology there. Mrs. Fish says that the Captain went very pale at this, and they came away."

When the taxi arrived practically the whole neighbourhood was assembled outside the Fishes' house. Only the boys were missing, and they had somehow contrived to get into the Prudders' house, and Mr. Prudder had to go and unlock the door and let them out. Gran'ma Grooby grabbed them firmly, and she and they piled into the taxi with Captain and Mrs. Fish. Then another car appeared and collected the Prudders, Miss Quelch, and Mrs. Fish's old school-chum, Miss Botchergate; my wife and I went too, out of sheer vulgar curiosity.

Our little party created considerable interest amongst the busy throng at the far end of Platform 3, and a kind of hush fell upon the whole station as Gran'ma Grooby marshalled us into a semi-circle around the perspiring Captain Fish and then hoisted the boys on to a convenient porters' trolley.

"What have you got to say?" she said in the tone of one who is not to be put off, and the boys looked at each other self-consciously and smiled. Gregory spoke first, and after him Gordon; Graham contenting himself with small interpolations. It was, one would have said, entirely extempore yet closely woven, so that no one seemed to be able to break in upon it:

"We're sorry we put water through Mrs. Fish's letter-box."

"But Captain Fish won't mind, because he's going away."

"Away from Mrs. Fish."

"Captain Fish is going to see his other wives."

"But Mr. Prudder only has one."

"Like poor Gran'pa."

"Miss Botchergate might marry Mr. Prudder and Gran'pa might run away to sea."

"Then Gran'ma could live with Mrs. Fish."

"In Gran'ma's house."

"And Miss Botchergate could help Mrs. Prudder clean up the water."

"'Cause Graham forgot to turn the taps off when the taxi came..."

It was at this point that the Prudders left us.

FINNIGAN'S FINALE

THE Editor was annoyed.

"Send Doe Finnigan in to see me," he said.

Finnigan appeared in a few minutes. As everybody knows, he is large and thick-necked and has jet-black hair. He was wearing, as he does in any climate or circumstances, a slight grim smile, an open-necked shirt, and riding-breeches.

The Editor picked up a strip-cartoon drawing from his desk and waved it about.

"What's all this, Doe?" he asked. "What sort of a reply is it to give to a thug to say 'I almost feel like hitting you'? Our readers want action from you, not a revelation of your emotional leanings. This just won't do."

Finnigan rubbed his palms and set his teeth.

The Editor adjusted his spectacles to read Finnigan's reply, for one of Finnigan's few physical disabilities was that his speech was not audible but floated out of his mouth printed in block letters on large white bladders.

"I can't help it, chief. My thoughts are getting the better of me," he said. "I'm flaked out. I never get a holiday. I no sooner catch a murderer, or find some missing atomic formula, than Inspector Drift rings me up and puts me on to some new assignment."

"Yes, yes; you have an exacting job, no doubt. But you haven't been at it half as long as your rival, Peter Church of the *Harbinger*, and he's still as keen as ever. His job is more wearing than yours too, because he tries to write novels between his cases, and never gets a chance."

Finnigan gave one of the sharp glances that he usually reserves for the show-down. Then he blew another bladder.

"Church's villains never get rough," he said. "He never needs to take the pipe out of his mouth. But look at the way I get knocked about!"

Finnigan rolled up his sleeves, revealing two large bolsters of

muscle that were peppered with scars.

"Look at these," he cried. "I have been shot in the right shoulder eight times, and in the left shoulder fifteen times, in the last three years. It's weakening."

"But you always dismiss your wounds as scratches," replied the Editor. "Anyway, you should carry a gun. It would discourage them a bit."

"When I had to snap that eight-inch oak beam last week to escape from the flood-tide it took me four pictures to do it. Time was when I could have done it in two."

"Some knowing reader wrote in to say that the breaking strain for a beam like that would be about twenty tons," retorted the Editor, "so you didn't do too badly."

Finnigan shifted on his feet. At this point a scalloped-edged cloud formed just above his head, bearing the legend "Thinks: I must try a new tack." As it dissolved, Finnigan spoke again.

"Then there's Myra," he said. "She's tired of being repeatedly kidnapped. She wants more security. She wants to settle down."

"Myra? Let me see, where is she now?"

"For three nights she's been held captive in a native village on the slopes of Kilima Njaro. Last night I was fording a stream fifty miles away, beating off the crocodiles with my thumbstick."

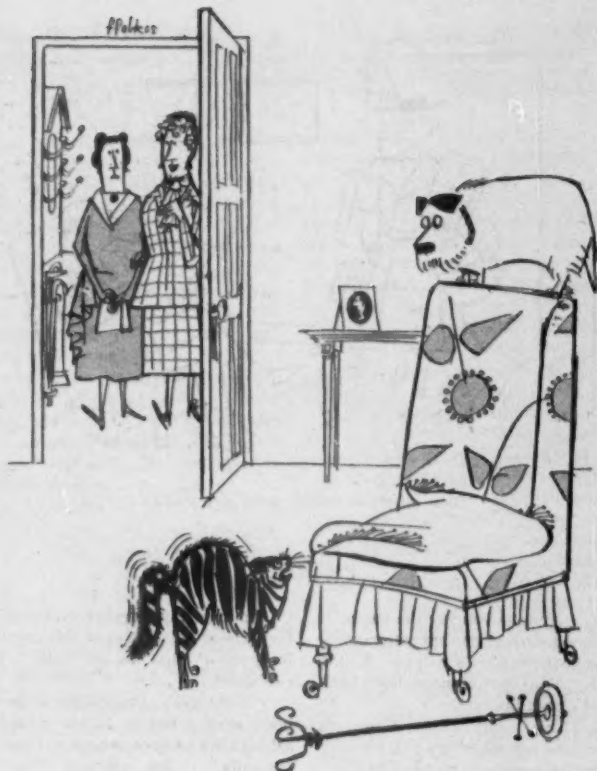
"Ah yes, I remember. Everything is going very satisfactorily."

"During the evening that I recently spent with Myra locked in the lethal chamber," said Finnigan, "we had a long talk. We decided that we ought to get married and buy a house . . . somewhere in Finchley perhaps . . . and start raising a family."

"Raising a family, eh? Well, let me think."

"We are going to have a boy," Finnigan continued. "He's going to be a fine boy. He's going to be brought up differently to his father. When he grows up he's going to enter the Civil Service . . . in a superannuable job."

A look of inspiration came over the Editor's face.



"Of course it makes a difference when you bring them up together."

"A boy! That's it! Doe, you old scout, you can retire!"

"Oh thanks, chief. Thank you!"

"Just a minute, Doe. There'll be conditions, you know. You won't be able to retire until your son is old enough to take the strip over from you. What shall we call him? Let's see now, Fawn Finnigan perhaps."

Finnigan's face fell somewhat.

"But that will take years and years."

"Oh no, not necessarily. A printed label inserted between the pictures saying 'And so time went by . . . ' will speed things up. In fact, if necessary, we can push the whole job through in a day or two."

"In a day or two?"

"Yes. Our readers couldn't

stand a lot of domestic stuff, you know. All right, think about it."

Another scalloped-edged cloud was forming over Finnigan's head. The Editor saw it coming, and hustled his visitor to the door before it took firm shape.

"Get along, Doe," he said, "there's a good chap. I'm busy."

As Finnigan went through the door the Editor called after him.

"We don't want any silly love scenes, now. And there had better be some poisoned food, or somebody shot at the wedding-breakfast, as a start."





"Now do you remember what day it is?"

FLANNEL

"... And, as you say the engine is surging, we suggest that you examine the float chamber for ripple. Yours, etc." The Office Manager leant back and closed his eyes.

"Now, lad, the Managing Director has asked me to trace fifty missing radiators which Camshaft and Throttlebody say they sent to us on the fourth of last month for caps. And here I must ask you not to leave files lying about where anyone can see them. However."

I bit my pencil. He opened the C. and T. correspondence.

"On the 2nd ult. we received an order for fifty radiator caps—radiators to arrive under separate cover for fitting. We acted on that order!"

I moved impulsively and showed him where I had flagged the order in green—"That means O.K.," I explained.

"Very well. On the 9th somebody sent a tickler to the works asking for a progress report on these radiators." An annoyed finger stabbed the file. "That started it. Look—the works report—which R. G. has flagged for himself with a matchstick—says that they—and I quote 'cannot understand tickler. No repeat no instructions to put fifty radiators into production but fifty caps could be supplied ex stock.' You, I see, acted quickly enough and sent a memo to the works, quoting the tickler reference and stating that the radiators had been returned, and pointing out that the radiators had been forwarded originally without caps and that you presumed that fifty loose caps were still held by us. You can put your hands on these radiators, I suppose? I mean, they've arrived back all right?"

"The Goods Reception foreman tells me," I said non-committally, "that..."

The Office Manager's mouth tightened. "We have allowed the matter to get out of hand."

I turned over the pages of the

file rapidly. "The transaction was discussed with the Works Manager in the canteen, and I..."

"Have you a record of that discussion?"

"Well—no," I admitted, with my back to the ropes. "I mean, he remembered..."

"Always get something down on paper, lad," the Office Manager cut in decisively. "As I see the position, then, fifty radiators are, or will be, somewhere about the place waiting for caps. Someone is going to debit Camshaft and Throttlebody for fifty caps for which they've paid already, and the works are about to put into production fifty radiators without covering instructions. Well, get down to it, lad. And remember to put it so that the gov'nor can understand."

I went straight to the Goods Reception Dept.

"Have you seen some packing cases?" I asked, and made a gesture indicating length and thickness. The foreman gestured too, and I saw scores of cases, each with length and thickness, around me.

"Well," I said hopelessly, "look out for some more coming in."

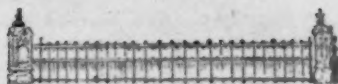
I returned to the office and took up my dictaphone.

"To Messrs. Camshaft and Throttlebody," I muttered. "Re your esteemed order raising fifty radiator caps which you say were omitted from a consignment of fifty radiators sent to you against our invoice No. (look up the number, please, Miss Sherlock), we regret that, at time of writing, we cannot trace having received fifty radiators which you say were returned to us on the 4th ult. for fitting of caps. Please forward confirmation of dispatch and number of covering advice note, when the matter will have our closest attention."

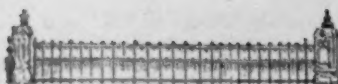
"We should be grateful if you would let us know if these parts are without muffs, and if so, whether you wish us to supply same, leather or blanket, hooded and/or chained, or curtained (enclose a price list herewith, Miss Sherlock). We can assure your goodness that these items should be in production before the cold weather sets in..."

FERGUSON MACLAY





IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Tuesday, June 10

The old similarity between the first day back at school and the first day back at work in the House of Commons has never been more pronounced than it was to-day. The Whitsun recess had been a brief one, and that no doubt accounted at least in part for the notably snail-like manner in which the Great Elected returned unwillingly to their chores.

True, the chores were none too attractive—one of those mixed lists of "bit" Bills, which have to be tidied up, polished, and finally passed. Some Members, like Mr. LESLIE HALE, seem to enjoy such a process, and they spent what appeared to be a happy time prodding here and there at what might be taken as diminutive chinks in the armour of the Government.

One of Mr. HALE's pet aversions (in a jovial kind of way) seems to be Mr. HAROLD MACMILLAN, and well on in the evening, when everything seemed to be set fair for a Bill Mr. M. was piloting, Mr. H. had many words to say in opposition to it.

But, as it takes Mr. H. only about one-eighth of the time needed by most speakers to deliver a long speech (measured in terms of *Handard*-columns), nobody was much perturbed. And, as Mr. H. seemed to be highly pleased by his own intervention, all was well.

So, slowly but surely, the House made its way through the list—rather like one of those versatile one-person-show actors or actresses who start their turns as aged post-mistresses, abruptly become little girls wanting stamps, and even more abruptly wheezy old men complaining of delay in getting attention. The moods of most of those characters emerged, in fact, from the various debates, as though to give the Strangers' Galleries (which are never empty, however sparse or dull the programme) full value for their persistence and hardihood.

Those who had the good fortune

to be present at Question-time got, as usual, their money's worth. There was the usual rustle of excitement when the trim figure of Mr. ANTHONY EDEN marched briskly in, papers under arm, just the right amount of gleaming white shirt-cuff showing beneath the correct black jacket-sleeve. And another rustle of even greater excitement when the slower and more ponderous figure of the Prime Minister appeared from behind Mr. Speaker's Chair, to thread its careful way between hastily-withdrawn Ministerial feet to the seat opposite the Government Dispatch Box.

Those on the Floor got a little



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Miss Hornsby-Smith
Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of
Health (Chislehurst)

private thrill of their own from the appearance in his familiar seat at the end of the House of Sir CHARLES HARRIS, friend and adviser to all earnest seekers after Parliamentary guidance, as Private Secretary to successive Government Chief Whips. His many services to Parliament as an institution brought him a knight-hood in Her Majesty's Birthday Honours List, and the very nervous, blushing knight held an involuntary non-Party (or, more correctly, *all-Party*) reception every time he ventured out of his own private office.

But whereas Sir CHARLES heads the Silent Service in Parliament, Messrs. EDEN and CHURCHILL certainly do not. It was not long before Mr. C. was in action, delivering snappy but good-tempered answers to questions hurled at him from the other side of the House—greatly to the delight of

the Galleries, to judge by the broad grins and nudges that went around when he scored.

Then, when Question-time was over, Mr. EDEN rose to make a statement about the recent signing of Contractual Agreements with Western Germany, and of a guarantee to the European Defence Community countries by Britain. It was a long statement, full of facts and crisply put over by the Foreign Secretary.

As Mr. EDEN rose it was noticed that Mr. ANEURN BEVAN, on his far back-bench, assumed an attitude of intense, statuesque watchfulness, his hands pressed against the bench ready for the take-off when he rose to ask awkward questions later. Mr. DICK CROSSMAN, two seats away, crouched like a wide-eyed panther, and Mr. MICHAEL FOOT, just in front, hunched his shoulders and glowered like an eagle (or something) eyeing its prey. Students of the Parliamentary scene have noticed that this dramatic grouping is now *de rigueur* whenever foreign affairs are mentioned.

It was observed that all "hehl it" in a manner that would have done credit to professional models, and the moment Mr. EDEN sat down Mr. BEVAN was up—only to find that Mr. WOODBURN WYATT (than whom he has dearer friends) had got in first. But a moment later Mr. B. was up once more, with acid queries to Mr. EDEN about the cost of maintaining Allied armed forces in Western Germany and about who was to pay for them.

As Mr. E. was answering, the tableau on the other side was resumed, causing the Minister to eye it quizzically and remark with a quiet smile that "the honourable Members really needn't get excited." This assurance was no more effective with the Bevanites than were those on foreign policy, and all of them delivered questions before Mr. Speaker remarked that there was no "Question"—in the technical sense—before the House and moved

everybody along to the next business.

This was the variety Bill already mentioned, and it carried the House (or about one-tenth of its Membership) along quite happily to the end of The First Day Back.

Wednesday, June 11

Excitement was great in the House of Commons to-day, and

older Members shook their heads with that resigned expression usual when revolution is afoot. Others seemed surprised and either appreciative or angry, according to taste.

And the cause of all the excitement? The Order Paper. That venerable institution, unchanged in appearance (even in the depths of war) in the memory of anyone present, had the New Look. And what a New Look! One disgruntled legislator commented that it looked like a pale imitation of the front page of one of the more sensational daily newspapers, but this was an

exaggeration. There was, however, generous use of black type—each Member's name was in black, whereas, hitherto, it had never achieved even italics. And the questions directed to the various Ministers were (oh! deary, deary, me!) *grouped together*, with distinct spaces between the queries directed to the Prime Minister and, say, the Minister of Food. Up to now the whole thing has run on without gap or space.

No picture in the Academy, no rare parchment, ever underwent so severe a scrutiny as did to-day's Order Paper. The general opinion, on reflection, was that it was an improvement—assuming, of course, that things *had* to be changed at all! And Sir HERBERT WILLIAMS gained a cheer when he publicly congratulated Mr. Speaker on the changes.

The business of the day was the debate on the future of the B.B.C.—and in particular on the Government's intention to introduce sponsored television at some future date. Their Lordships had debated the

same subject (and generated considerable heat in the process) two days before the recess, and now Mr. MORRISON reverted indignantly to the Lord Chancellor's "implied charge" that the Corporation suppressed reasonable free speech. Such misrepresentations were unworthy of the holder of that high office. As to sponsored TV, they had only to look at America where, so he had read, in half-an-hour of a television show for children, no fewer than one hundred and four gun-shots rang out. It was no use saying "It can't happen here."

Mr. GAMMANS, resisting this spirited defence of a monopoly, replied (perhaps the slightest bit disingenuously) that there was no suggestion of interfering with the B.B.C. in any respect except the breaking of its monopoly—and to that noble task the Government had irrevocably set its hand. There was no need to fear a debasement of taste—and so on and so on.

Lord REITH, in the Peers' Gallery, looked on non-committally.



"Steady now. We don't want to catch up with him."



William Mossop—Mr. DONALD PLEASANCE
Maggie Hobson—Miss PAULINE JAMESON
Henry Hobson—Mr. DAVID BIRD

AT THE PLAY



Hobson's Choice (ARTS) — *As You Like It* (OPEN AIR)

HAVING made every proper allowance for the added comic effect of Lancashire dialect, we still have to admit—not at all grudgingly, though—that *Hobson's Choice* is the kind of hard-hitting, honest, human comedy of which for the moment we seem to have lost the knack. A little comedy? A local piece? You should have heard the first-night audience at the Arts: it came out as winded as if it had gone fifteen rounds in a prize ring. Mr. HAROLD BRIGHOUSE, one of the best of a group of dramatists that worked with the patience and solidity of craftsmen and made a lasting name for itself as the Manchester School, wrote the play in 1916, but it comes off the ice as fresh as ever. Still far too little known in the South, BRIGHOUSE had the business of comedy at his finger-tips. He knew all about the vanity and the private fears and the self-deceptions of the ordinary man, and he uncovered them in a series of situations that mount in a grand crescendo of comic agony. To-day our comedies have plenty of ruthlessness, but it's the ruthlessness of cynicism; in BRIGHOUSE there was no cynicism,

only unanswerable common sense. And although this had the force of a steam-hammer, it also had enough sentiment behind it to cushion the shock. You can describe BRIGHOUSE as a realist, but a better way of saying it is that he understood his characters inside out. First he shows us old *Hobson* bullying his daughters in his bootmaker's shop (Salford 1890); then we get the rebellion of *Maggie*, the eldest, a girl of terrifying determination who abducts her father's best hand and sets up in rivalry; and finally we see *Hobson* trapped and humbled by his daughter's shameless strategies, and sharing our astonishment at the transformation she has wrought in her reluctant husband, who is galvanized from a timorous rabbit into an industrial rocket with his fuse well alight.

There is nothing I would wish to change in Mr. ROY RICCI's production, which should go just as it is to the West End and run for a year. Not a touch of burlesque has crept in. The rugged humbug of Mr. DAVID BIRD's *Hobson* is perfect; so is Miss PAULINE JAMESON's *Maggie*, a bulldozer in agreeable female shape; and I doubt if London offers anything funnier than Mr. DONALD

PLEASANCE's delicious demonstration of what marriage with a bulldozer can mean. The minor characters are all well done, and Mr. RONALD BROWN's Salford interiors curdle the blood.

In no other theatre but the Open Air can you see a heron being mobbed by rooks above the forest of Arden. In no other theatre can you lie in a deck-chair, smoking a pipe without offence while the tide of Shakespeare's words flows over you. *As You Like It* has been more cunningly staged, but never more naturally than on Mr. ROBERT ATKINS' lawn, backed by shimmering bushes that change their colours as the night deepens. His production is a valid passport to lands far from Regent's Park, and a sound cast sees to it that we have a pleasant journey. The courtship of Miss MARY KERRIDGE's *Rosalind* and Mr. BASIL HOSKINS' *Orlando* is on the mild side, but charming.

Recommended

Tyrone Guthrie's vigorous production of *Timon of Athens* (Old Vic.); *Dragon's Mouth* (Winter Garden), an exciting experiment by Priestley and Jacquetta Hawkes; *Sweet Madness* (Vaudeville), a sharp pin in the balloon of psycho-analysis.

ERIC KEOWN



(*As You Like It*)

Rosalind—Miss MARY KERRIDGE
Orlando—Mr. BASIL HOSKINS

AT THE PICTURES

Wait 'til the Sun Shines, Nellie
The Quiet Man

SAY what you like against Hollywood, it often does the small-town family-chronicle sort of story remarkably well. *Wait 'til the Sun Shines, Nellie* (Director: HENRY KINO)—I notice a more general tendency to keep the American spelling in writing this title than there will be, I imagine, when we see *Rainbow 'round My Shoulder*—is stated to be "based on a novel by FERDINAND REYHER," but is more ostentatiously built round the title song, presumably for box-office reasons; it is sometimes over-sentimental, and very much of its incident briefly described would sound exactly like the sort of thing one has seen innumerable times before. Yet I found the result enjoyable and entertaining, because of the very great technical smoothness with which it is made, some excellent acting and direction, and the constant charm of the Technicolor photography. The central character is a barber whose working life is spent in the small town of Seville (Chicago 110, Omaha 378), and the story follows his career from his first arrival with his bride, at the end of the nineteenth century, till (or 'til) the day he takes part in the town's fiftieth-anniversary celebrations. DAVID WAYNE has seldom had such an acting

chance as this part gives him, and it seems to me that he takes it quite impressively well. Broadly, it's a comparatively orthodox eager-young-man to reminiscent-old-man progression, but besides giving an unusually good and convincing representation of age Mr. WAYNE is also admirable in some of the incidental dramatic moments. The fact that the film's theme is without depth or significance, that it simply presents a picture of small-town U.S. life and implies approval of small-town values (notably, pride in the mere growth of the town), is no serious objection. There is a place for the unpretentious film: one can approve of a trivial thing when it's well done without blaming it for not trying to be *Hamlet*. I make no great claims for this, but it's undeniably well done, good to look at and entertaining. As an example of a nice bit of direction I would mention the scene of suspense round the telephone when the household is waiting for news of the son, and there is a suddenly-checked rattle of footsteps down the stairs.

Except perhaps among the Irish themselves—who though inured to pictures with a single stage-Irishman must surely look without enthusiasm on one that is stage-Irish from beginning to end, characters, motives, scene, music and all—*The Quiet Man* (Director: JOHN FORD) will no doubt be a great success. I use "stage-Irish" in the broadest

sense, to signify those clichés of Irish speech, sentiment and behaviour that crop up in every kind of fiction from the play to the begorra-aneecdote, from the film to the narrative song; a great number of them are here, soaked in whimsy, and yet the absurd piece is entertaining enough. JOHN WAYNE appears as one of those boxers in flight from the memory of killing a man in the ring. He makes for Inisfree, expecting to find some peace there; but peace comes dropping very slow indeed, and he works up to a tremendous fight with VICTOR McLAGLEN. The girl is MAUREEN O'HARA, an unsophisticated type who does much "wild-thing" running about and talks in the mannered style often regarded as nobly poetic ("my china and pewter shining about me"). All burst into song at the drop of a shamrock, and even the beautiful landscape seems to overdo its accent a trifle.

* * * * *

Survey
 (Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Again there will be much changing of London programmes before these words appear. Best of the remainder: *La Marie du Port* (14/5/52).

Nothing great among the releases, but *Emergency Call* (28/5/52) is a brightly-made melodrama that I found enjoyable. Remember the good Western *High Noon* (14/5/52).

RICHARD MALLETT



Wait 'til the Sun Shines, Nellie
 Nellie Halper—JEAN PETERS
 Ben Halper—DAVID WAYNE

The Quiet Man
 "Red Will" Danaher—VICTOR McLAGLEN
 Sean Thornton—JOHN WAYNE

BOOKING OFFICE

At All Costs, Nobility

Boswell in Holland. Edited by Frederick A. Pottle.
Heinemann, 25/-

THE second volume of the new Boswell saga is no disappointment. At the end of his "London Journal" we left him about to start, ashamed of his dissipation and inspired by Johnson's friendship to burnish up his principles, for the Continent. *Boswell in Holland, 1763-1764* covers his ten months at the University of Utrecht, when he was twenty-three. The journal which he kept as usual during this period was lost in transit; and though this is a pity we gain in one way by its absence, for Professor Frederick A. Pottle, the editor of this masterly Yale series, has had to fall back largely on the memoranda in which Boswell chastened and exhorted himself, and their confessional honesty gives an even truer picture than the journal. In addition to a brief surviving portion of it Professor Pottle has been able to include letters and exercises in French and Dutch which Boswell wrote for his own improvement (and mainly, of course, about himself), as well as some of the doggerel verses he drove himself to compose daily. No film director could have succeeded in shooting his subject from a greater number of angles. Every aspect of a madly complex character is intimately explored.

Not surprisingly, the coincidence of his new mood of unctuous rectitude with his first taste of a Dutch town dragged Boswell into the depths of melancholy. He ran away from Utrecht, returning at once in a fever of determination to kill his depression by hard work. In this rugged mood he conceived the Inviolable Plan, a ruthless self-examination urging piety, dignity, restraint and so on (it might have been written by an intolerable grandfather), and containing the memorable statement: "The pleasure of laughing is great. But the pleasure of being a respected gentleman is greater." That was the thing; with the least possible delay the callow Scots boy had to become a man comfortable in any society and taken seriously at his own valuation.

The memoranda are wonderful. "Never be in the least foolish. Harden . . . Pray be *retenu* to avoid Scotch sarcastic jocularly . . . Never aim at being too brilliant. Be rather an amiable, pretty man. Have no affectation . . . At Assembly you appeared in sea-green and silver and was really brilliant . . . You sung and played on flute. Yet did you retain your decent firmness and hope of pleasing God. Nor was you buffoon . . ." They are absurd, and at the same time touching: "To tell the truth I do not make the figure in company which I imagine in my closet."

Yet he did pretty well. With the help of Dutch relations, whose grandeur delighted him, he was soon so much in the swim that the Inviolable Plan had to shed three evening hours for amusement. In spite of occasional wild plunges into despondency, he pursued a rich widow and fell unsatisfactorily in love with a

clever—a far too clever—girl of his own age, Belle de Zuylen, the daughter of an aristocratic Dutch family. Lively, unconventional and ironic, she attracted Boswell while she shocked and worried him. Their marriage, which they discussed with the utmost frankness, would have been calamitous. When he leaves Utrecht at the end of this volume to make a tour of Europe they begin a correspondence which lasted four years and is included here. Belle's side of it—as "Zélide" she was afterwards famous for her letters—is brilliant; Boswell's fantastic. The most extraordinary item in the present collection is the letter in which, after tearing his own and Belle's character to pieces, he begs her perplexed father to decide whether they are really suited.

The next volume cannot come too soon. Boswell is now setting out for the courts of Germany aglow with the lofty company of Lord Marichal, an "ancient Scottish nobleman." How pleased this stupendous young ass, who yet had such seeds of greatness in him and who somehow held the devotion of his incredibly patient friends, would have been at our excitement.

ERIC KROON

Dublin, 1660-1860. Maurice Craig. Cresset Press, 42/-

"It is of importance to keep up the splendour of the government," wrote Ormonde returning to his viceroyalty at the Restoration—a text inspired, no doubt, by his years of exile in France. The zealous co-operation of his Council, of the nobility and the



"Try a faster one, dear—I think
he's beginning to get the bang of it."

considerable bourgeoisie, and of a succession of able architects—Robinson, Burgh, Pearce, Cooley, Ivory, Francis Johnston, the German Cassels and the English Gandon—had made the Dublin of the Union and Catholic Emancipation a noble capital city. Relatively untouched by "improvements," it now has more treasures of a golden age of building than any other city in these islands. Mr. Maurice Craig essays "a portrait rather than a history," a portrait mainly in terms of architecture. His aesthetic judgments always command respect, and his professional knowledge and patience in research make this an invaluable book for the student. The layman will appreciate his lightening of the almost too closely packed narrative with lively anecdotes, wittily and succinctly told, about the worthies and unworthies of a picturesque age. Eighty plates, the author's explanatory drawings, an admirable index and an exhaustive list of distinguished buildings, street by street, complete this informative and well-produced book.

J. P. T.

Fleas, Flukes and Cuckoos. Miriam Rothschild and Theresa Clay. Collins 21/-.

The worm "which lives exclusively under the eyelids of the hippopotamus, and feeds upon its tears" sounds like one of the more improbable images of poetry. It is a prosaic creature in the world of parasites, mostly bird-parasites, described in this gruesome and entertaining book. Miss Clay, of the British Museum, a world authority on bird-lice, and Miss Rothschild, a distinguished amateur in a field of science of immeasurable importance to man, have together produced a handbook for the specializing naturalist and opened for the general reader more new worlds than the fifteenth century dreamed of. They deal with the horror and poetry of life at its widest sweep; with ticks

which can kill their hosts at one poisonous bite; with fleas which feed on birds and are themselves hosts to "lesser fleas"; with commensals which obtain free board and lodging without appreciably harming their protectors. Gilbert White would have read this book with profound interest and respect.

R. C. S.

A Walker in the City. Alfred Kazin. Gollancz, 12/6

Mr. Kazin was born in East Brooklyn. While his Polish-Jewish family retained memories of the Czarist terror and of their emigration to a new land in which they were strangers, he had only indirect knowledge of his racial past, without any compensating roots in his birthplace. There seemed to be a gulf between the warm, rich, foreign life he knew at home and the assured world of his American compatriots. The four sections of his book, based on retrospective perambulations of the district in which he grew up, describe the topographical and intellectual explorations of his adolescence that left him no longer on his own in the no-man's-land between the Old World and the New. Mr. Kazin's prose modulates from the closely realistic to the rhapsodical and owes something to Mr. Henry Miller. This little classic has the sharp accuracy and close-coiled vitality of a good poem: it illuminates the social and spiritual history of man.

R. O. G. F.

SHORTER NOTES

The Way to Glory. J. D. Scott. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 12/6. A good story and a fine novel. Enjoyable from many angles. British civil engineer on job in France entangles with half-caste whose brother is a deserter. Hero's politics, marriage and friendships are explored through admirable narrative. Recommended for honours.

The Shoals of Capricorn. F. D. Ommanney. Longmans, 21/-. With Wheeler (of "South Latitude") Dr. Ommanney spent two years in a small drifter investigating commercial fishing possibilities in the shallow seas between the Seychelles and Mauritius. As brilliant, changeable and enchanting as those seas, this book, like them, has unexpected depths.

The Art of Living. Saul Steinberg. Hamish Hamilton, 21/-. This collection of the inimitable—for once, the word is justified—drawings of the strangest of comic artists shows an interesting difference from the one (*All in Line*) published in 1945. Much of that was, comparatively, orthodox in manner; now there is far more deliberate distortion, every line seems to have been dragged squealing from the pen. But the unbeatably funny, curiously decorative result is as effective as ever.

The Estate in Abruzzi. Francesco Jovine. Translated by Archibald Colquhoun. MacGibbon and Kee, 12/6. A vivid, thickly populated story, in which the financial problems and moral vagaries of a south Italian landowner, involving the woman he marries and a young peasant-lawyer drawn into his orbit, are seen in the context of a complex and desperate agrarian situation and the growing fury of Fascism.

Lobsters on the Agenda. Naomi Mitchison. Gollancz, 12/6. A crowd of characters, at first bewildering, ultimately give reality to this story of a Scottish West-coast village. Daring spirits, led by District Councillor Katie Snow, plan a village hall; reactions to this, theft from a lobster-box, and much woodshed-school love-making form the chief incidents.

A Time to Kill. Geoffrey Household. Michael Joseph, 9/6. Fast-moving melodrama in which trigger-happy Roger Tainer, hero of "A Rough Shoot," helps to thwart a Communist plan to spread foot-and-mouth disease in Britain. Household remains master of the tense moment, but is caught up in too elaborate a plot.





"Henry—you've forgotten your glasses again."

WONDERFUL TIME

IT was late when I got home after the party. On the kitchen table, next to a glass of milk, was a note from my mother saying: "Here is a glass of milk. If you would rather not have it cold, have it hot. Heat it in a saucepan. Don't drink it if you don't want it. Have you had a good time? I won't wake you in the morning. Night, night. xxx."

Next day my mother said "Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Yes," I said.

"Did they like your dress?"

"Yes, I think so," I said.

"Didn't they say so? What did they say?"

"They didn't say anything."

"Oh," my mother said.

"Who was there?" she asked.

"I don't think there was anyone you know," I said.

"Well, who were they, then?" my mother asked.

"Bob," I said, "and Joyce, and Betty, and Frank, and Mr. and Mrs. Green, and—"

"Who's Bob?" my mother asked.

"He works at the Bank," I said.

"Yes, but who is he?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"He's just somebody."

"Well, then," my mother said, "what is his surname?"

"I don't know," I said.

"You don't know? What do you mean, you don't know?"

"Well, I just don't know."

"Wasn't he introduced to you?"

"Well," I said, "sort of."

"Sort of?"

"Yes," I said.

My mother was silent for a moment, then she said "Who is Joyce?"

"I don't know what she does," I said.

"I don't want to know what she does," my mother said. "I would just like to know who she is."

"But she isn't anybody," I said.

My mother was silent again for a while.

"What about Betty?" she asked.

"What about her?" I asked.

"Well," my mother said, "where does she live?"

"I don't know," I said.

"What is her surname?"

"I don't know," I said.

"What about her father?"

"What about him?" I asked.

"Well," my mother said, "who is he?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Who is Frank?" my mother asked.

"I don't know anything about him," I said.

"Who are Mr. and Mrs. Green?" my mother asked.

"I don't know," I said.

"Oh well," my mother said. Then: "You had a good time, did you?"

"Oh yes," I said. "Wonderful."

MARJORIE RIDDELL

FROM THE CHINESE

The Camel

"I SOMETIMES wish,"
Said the scribe Ching Fo.
"I were a racing camel.
It would be pleasant
To acquire fame
At the age of three,
To carry a rider
Dressed in bright colours,
To excite the multitude
And be rewarded with goblets.
So many men
Toil dutifully
For fifty years,
But when they die
No word is written
In the public tablets,
Nor is anything they did
Remembered gloriously.
I should be difficult,"
Said the scribe Ching Fo,
"I should be fastidious
About my food,
Sometimes refusing
My favourite dainties,
Sometimes devouring
The hand of my keeper.
Then men would say:
'Ching Fo is difficult.
He has the manners
Of an exceptional camel.
He must be fed
More frequently, and better.'
Thus fortified,
I should win two races

Easily and gracefully,
Delighting all men.
Then," said the scribe Ching Fo.
"I should be tiresome.
In the field of omens
I should tremble and kick,
And bite my rider,
Savagely, in the foot.
If necessary
I should sweat,
For this, I know not why,
Makes all men anxious.
'Ching Fo sweats,' they would say,
'It is an omen.
He will not be the winner.'
But I should,
And they would feed me,
Comforted, with palm-buds.
In the fourth race
I should finish last,
So that men would say
'The camel Ching Fo
Is no ordinary camel.
On hot sand,
Or when the wind is in the West,
And the moon is little,
He cannot display
His unusual powers.
We must order the races
When the moon is great,
At the dawn of day
When the sand is cool
(But not even then
If the wind is westerly).

Meanwhile, many palm-buds
Shall be his portion.'
All this," said the scribe Ching Fo,
"I should find enjoyable.
I am a person
Delicately constructed,
Sensitive as the Virgin Plant
That shrinks and shrivels
At the touch of a finger.
A cross word,
An unkind letter
From the gatherer of taxes,
The tidings of calamity
In other lands,
The behaviour of the Rulers,
The state of the crops,
A day of wild wind
Stirring the sand,
The evident presence
Of devils in a neighbour,
An interminable argument
With the fool Ho Wang—
At such rough touches
I shrink and shrivel,
My spirit shivers
Till a change of the moon.
Nor can I toil
So willingly and well,
No one, however,
Pays the smallest attention.
And I am expected
To toil, just the same.
I sometimes wish
I were a racing camel."

A. P. H.

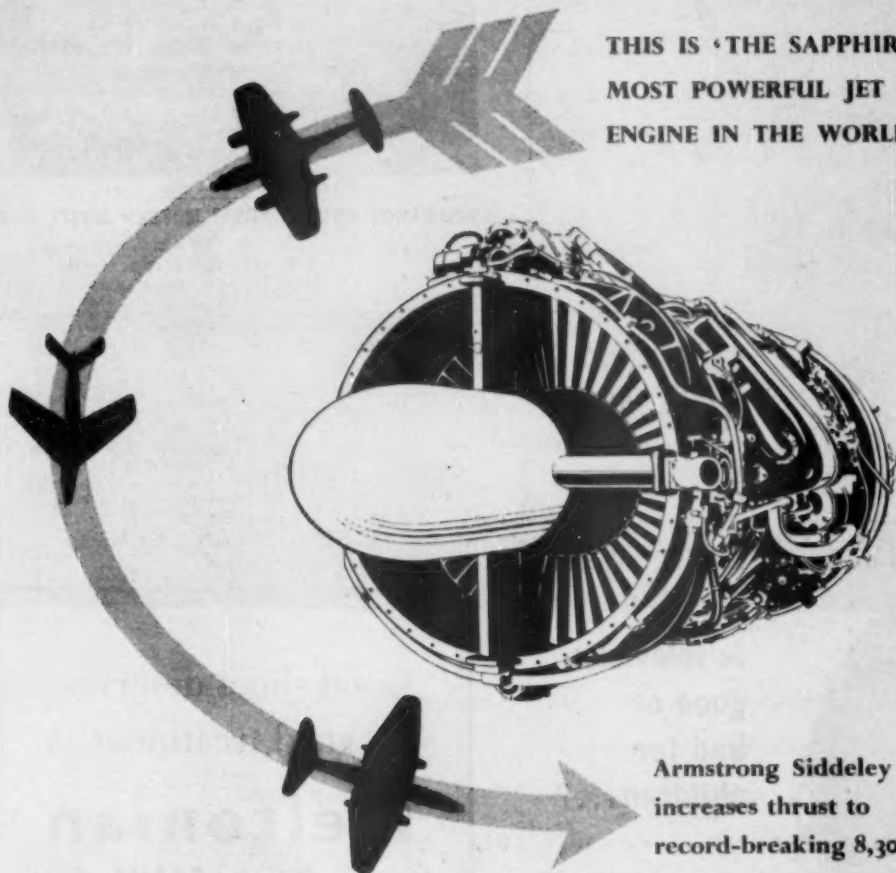


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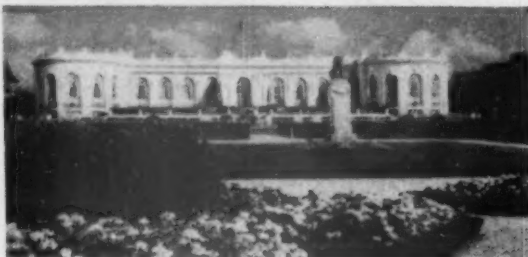
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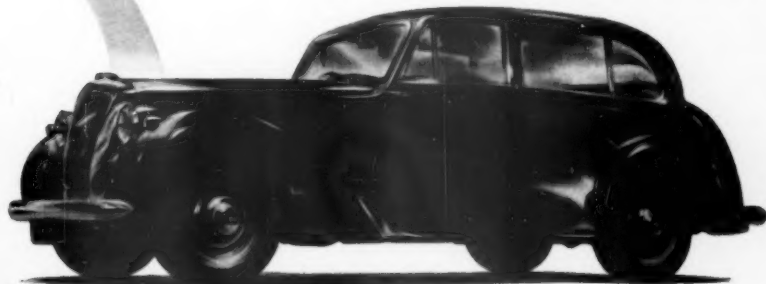
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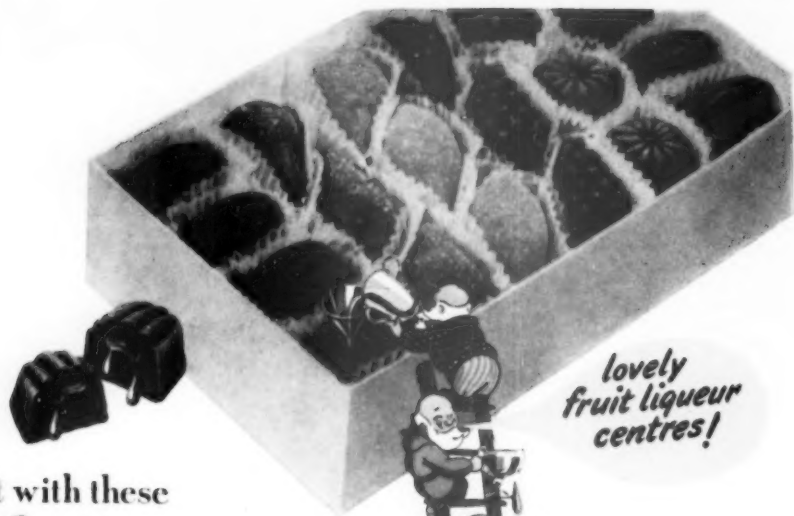
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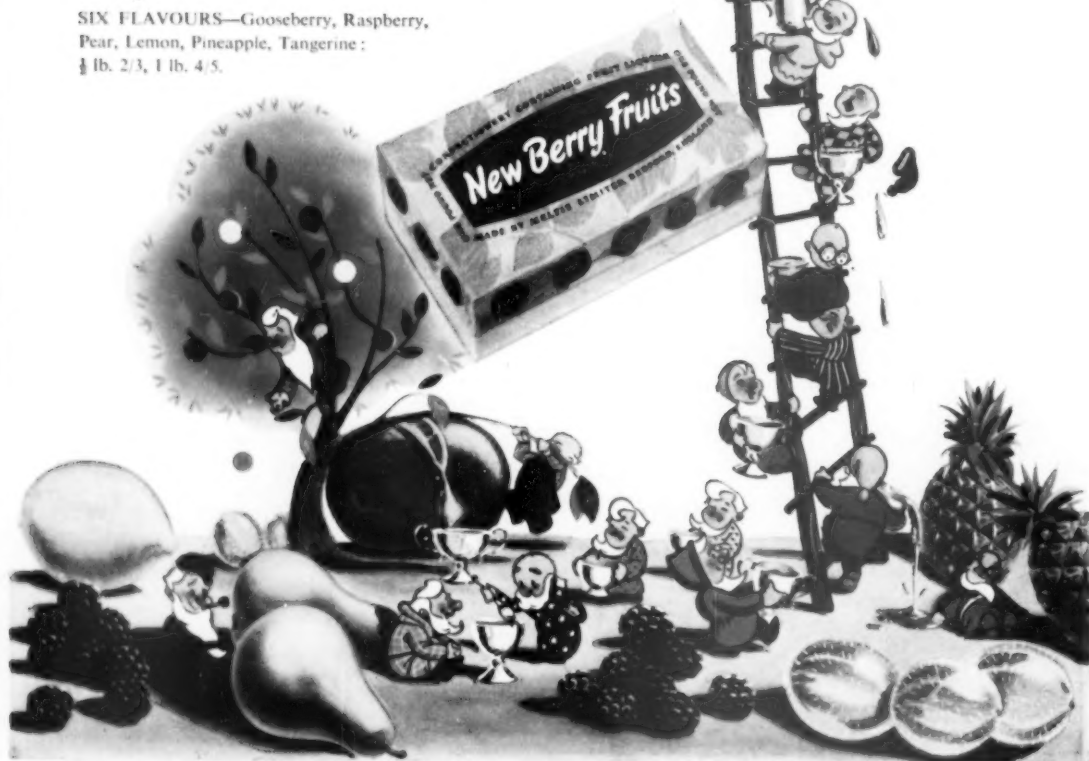
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174/569
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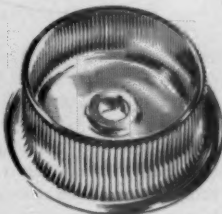
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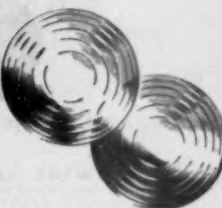
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King's Colour

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SIRE. Blue Peter, Chestnut, 1936.

DAM. Star of England, Brown, 1930.

DESCRIPTION. Big, fine-looking colt with powerful quarters. Looks a typical stayer.

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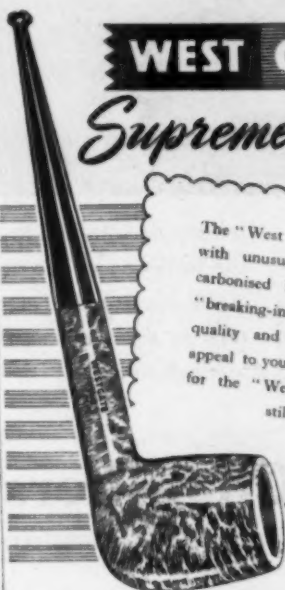
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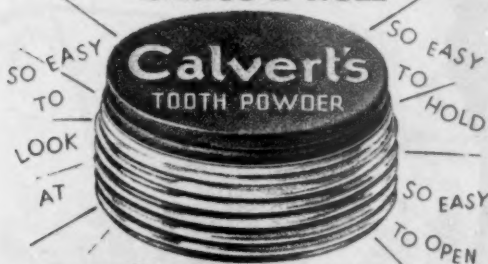
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in an up-to-the-minute pack. Good-looking, quick-
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IN THE NEW **SCREW TOP GLASS CONTAINER**

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How to reduce the 'Time-lag' in the treatment of Rheumatism

Despite half a century of painstaking research, there is still no unanimity of opinion regarding the causation of rheumatic diseases. Treatment is therefore necessarily symptomatic and directed to the relief of pain.

Massage has long been the treatment of choice. But in severe cases, adequate massage cannot begin at once; the affected muscles are too taut and tender. Days or even weeks may have to elapse before the patient can benefit from the stimulating effects of deep massage.

This "time-lag" has now been eliminated by the use of Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream.

Gentle massage over the affected myalgic spots with this cream brings rapid relief from pain and permits of more intensive treatment than would otherwise be possible.

Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream is obtainable through all chemists including Boots and Timothy Whites & Taylors, at 5/- and 7/- a jar.

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— it settles
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Pleasant, refreshing ENO'S "Fruit Salt" is the gentle corrective most of us need to keep the system regular. ENO'S is particularly suitable for children—and for anyone with a delicate stomach.

ENO'S will safely relieve over-acidity, a most frequent cause of indigestion, heartburn and flatulence. "Fruit Salt" is soothing and settling to the stomach upset by unsuitable food or drink.

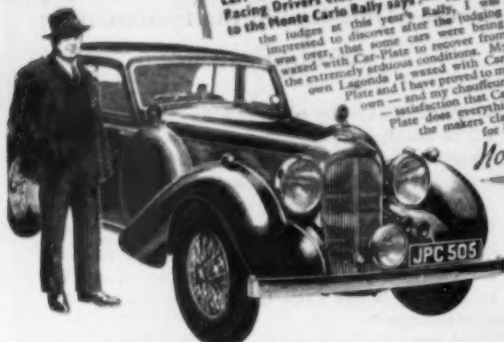
A dash of ENO'S "Fruit Salt" at any time of day makes a sparkling, invigorating health-drink. To feel better—and look better—keep fit, fresh and regular with your ENO'S.



Eno's 'Fruit Salt'
THE GENTLE ANTACID LAXATIVE

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SPREAD... LET DRY... WIPE!



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What's so special about Nife?

They're made of STEEL—an engineering job



★ These are the actual details of the performance of Nife batteries operated by a Municipal Authority.

Every Nife battery is a superb example of precision engineering in steel. This technical perfection is the reason why there is 'longer life in a Nife'—and almost complete freedom from replacement costs.



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Made of steel—case and plates—a Nife battery has enormous mechanical strength.

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SIMPLE MAINTENANCE A Nife is, for all practical purposes, free from self-discharge—the steel plates cannot buckle or shed active material and there is no corrosion of terminals.

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